THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22 NUMBER 1229

The Czechs Go to the Polls

The third of the series of municipal elections throughout Czechoslovakia passed off quietly. The results were similar to those of the two previous ballots. The Sudeten Deutsch, as was expected, voted overwhelmingly for Henlein's Nazi Party. Elsewhere in the country, President Benes won large support. The Social Democrats and Communists gained, the Czech Fascists lost. Conferences are in progress between Henlein and Premier Hodza, based on Henlein's famous memorandum of demand. It is safe to say, however, that Czechoslovakia will not agree to Henlein's proposals, which would have made the country only a vassal state for Germany. The Czechs are preparing a new basic law for the treatment of racial minorities and will try to alleviate such legitimate grievances as exist. Some European observers fear that Hitler, humiliated by his loss of prestige, may strike at Czechoslovakia this summer, perhaps in late August or September, after the harvest is gathered. It seems more likely, however, that the firm front of the Czechs themselves, Soviet Russia and France, plus somewhat more ambiguous opposition from Great Britain, have forced him to a more pacific policy—at least for the present.

China's War of Attrition

The long threatened bombing of the Yellow River dikes has halted, for the moment, the Japanese drive for the important rail junction of Chengchow, which seemed fairly in their grasp. Thus "China's Sorrow" has been China's friend for once. Meanwhile the reported capture of Anking, on the Yangtze River, by Japanese gunboats supported by infantry landed from the ships, suggests that the main drive for Hankow may come by this route. It is indeed difficult to see how large Japanese armies could be supplied in an advance upon Hankow via Chengchow without first pushing west to Sianfu and relieving Chengchow of any possible threat of guerilla incursions from Shensi Province.

But the Yangtze route also offers difficulties; naval forces alone have rarely been able to advance successfully along a river, unsupported by considerable bodies of troops to clear the banks of batteries and make the line of communications secure. It was by this method that, in the American Civil War, the Union gunboats and armies cleared the Mississippi from Island No. 10 to Vicksburg; and it is by this method that the Japanese will have to force their way to Hankow. It is not a quick and easy method; few extensive operations of war merit that description, despite the impatience of armchair critics. If the Japanese have chosen this route of advance, they may be satisfied, at Chengchow, with rendering that junction impassable to traffic bringing supplies from Russia via the old Silk Route across Sinkiang. Meanwhile at Canton their bombers continue to try to block the other and more important Chinese supply line, that from the British port of Hong Kong. Reports persist of desperate Chinese efforts to complete their new motor road to a Burmese railhead;

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Entered as Second Class matter, November 6, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

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"the road to Mandalay" may yet become the only open road to China from the outside world.

Internal difficulties within the Chinese government and army are reported as a result of Chiang Kai-shek's attempts to keep his "own" troops intact, at the expense of the provincial forces, and of his failure to send air forces to defend Canton, although the Cantonese had sent their own planes to his aid in the early days of the war. Counter-charges are being made against the conduct of certain "southern" generals. Certainly the Chinese army has suffered heavy and perhaps irreplaceable losses among its better-trained regimental officers, first at Shanghai, then in the Lung-Hai battles. It is conceivable, in view of all these troubles, that Chinese formal resistance may suddenly collapse; barring this ever present possibility, the Japanese are still faced with the problems of lengthening lines of communications and thinly spread troops trying to dominate a vast continental area, to say nothing of their diminishing finances and war supplies. The outcome seems wholly a matter of which combatant can stand the strain the longer.

Yelping at the English Flag

"They are lifting their heads in the stillness, to yelp at the English Flag!" So wrote Kipling, bard of empire, almost fifty years ago. Were he alive today, he would have material for a bitter epilogue. Almost daily, in the harbors of Spain, the English flag is being bombed as it flies above English decks. In the last fortnight at least ten British ships have been damaged or sunk by Rebel aircraft. That British shipping should be so dealt with by any power, let alone by a mere faction in a Spanish civil war, would have been unthinkable to an Englishman of Kipling's generation. There are indications that Englishmen of this generation do not find the situation to their taste; the tension both in Parliament and the country shows signs of increasing. The fact is that Ministers realize a truth which has yet to be brought really home to the average British voter; that the coming of air power has destroyed forever the insularity of Britain, and the efficacy as a "sure shield" of the British navy. In the contrast between today and fifty years ago is illustrated another truth too often overlooked: that in our present world force underlies all diplomacy, and that where there is reason to believe that force will not be called upon at need, diplomacy is too often impotent. It is, indeed, difficult to see how British shipping in Spanish ports can be protected without the risk of war; but there were difficulties, too, in Kipling's heyday. Then, however, force could be used if it had to be, with a serene confidence that whatever happened, England herself was untouchable. Today that is no longer true; yelping at the English flag has, in consequence, become a much safer—and far more popular—pastime both in Europe and Asia.

Weird Nonsense from Mayor Hague

Mayor Hague of Jersey has now revealed the whole strategy of his fight against the CIO. He has demanded, in defending the civil suit brought against him, that all the books and records of the CIO in New Jersey be brought into court and opened for his inspection. It is reasonable to suppose that he would then track down and punish every union member within his power—and there are a lot of them. Meanwhile, he has expounded again his simple philosophy. Everybody in the CIO he says, except John L. Lewis, is a Communist. The CIO is an organization of about 4,000,000 persons, of every racial origin, political attitude and opinion. Many thousands of them, and numbers of the leaders, profess the same Roman Catholic faith as does Mayor Hague. Among these are John Brophy, director; Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee; Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers; James B. Carey, president of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers; Michael J. Quill, president of the Transport Workers' Union; Daniel Boyle, secretary-treasurer of the National Leather Workers' Association, and others. What have Mayor Hague's superiors to say of his wholesale, patently false accusations against his fellow Catholics? What does his Bishop think of it?

What Happened on Majorca

What has been happening on the Island of Majorca since it was seized by Franco's men? At last we have a little rift in the curtain of silence. A book has just been published in Paris by M. Georges Bernanos that gives important news. M. Bernanos, a devout Catholic, a good Royalist, a man whose son is a Falangist, lived on Majorca and was left unhampered by the Rebels. According to the summary of his book published in The New Statesman, at first the Insurgents killed only a few people, largely on a basis of personal vengeance. Then came the Italian General, Count Rossi, announcing that he brought "the spirit of fascism." Thenceforth, fifteen or twenty people were marched out every day to places conveniently near the cemeteries and were executed. They were not Communists—there were hardly any such on the Island; apparently, their chief if not their only offense consisted in indifference or hostility to the Catholic Church. After a time every surviving man, woman and child above the age of confirmation was handed a questionnaire to fill in. It included the name of the church where the individual had taken or intended to take Easter communion. Confronted by a choice between going to church or being shot, the inhabitants of Majorca, with a unanimity like that in a Hitler election, went to church. "M. Bernanos," says The New Statesman, "naturally was appalled by the spectacle of such widespread blas-

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phemy—to a Catholic a confession made without penitence and a communion made without faith are hideously sacrilegious. But the Bishop approved."

Baccalaureate

This is the season when several hundred thousand college graduates are pushed off into the open ocean. The icy plunge was always frightening, but in recent years there has been an added trouble—the sea of employment hasn't nearly enough room for them. Theories of education have in the past varied between the thesis that higher learning should teach the students to swim and the belief that it should only offer them an opportuniity of being better persons, whether they could swim or not. But there never used to be a doubt that there was ocean enough; all were expected to keep afloat somehow, except for the normal percentage of incompetents. What are the universities going to do about the new situation? Can they just shrug their black-gowned shoulders and say it is not their business?

It is one thing for university scholars to be careless about offering a student practical training, but quite another to have no constructive ideas about the human institutions that prevent students from finding a place to function at all, whether trained or untrained. Scholarship itself is threatened if it strays too far from the biological need for survival. It might be a good thing for the universities to get together and resolve that it is foolish to go on educating young men and women for whom the world has no use; that it would be better to shut up shop for a while and turn their staffs and endowments loose on the problem of why the world does not take fuller advantage of what they have to offer. If they do not like so drastic a program, at least they might encourage the members of their faculties who are more explicitly concerned with social problems to be as daring and energetic as they like—even to go into government service if they might possibly help there. The world needs bigger and better brain trusts, and if universities cannot supply the kind of men to make the trusts, who can?

News Notes of a Week

Soviet Russia has indicated her growing impatience with the hypocrisy of the Non-Intervention Committee and her determination not to consent to closing the Pyrenees to the Loyalists while the Rebels continue to get unlimited supplies by sea. . . . The Pope, only a short time after having become a virtual ally of Franco, was forced to indicate his disapproval of the merciless slaughter of hundreds of civilians by Rebel airplanes. . . . As an ironic footnote to the complaints of the German minority in Czechoslovakia, the Polish minority in Germany bitterly accused the Nazi government of mistreating its members. Germany's reply, as might be expected, was that Germans in Poland are also abused. . . . Talk was revived of a Rhine-Danube canal to link the Baltic and Black Seas. If the project were carried out under the existing governments, it would of course enormously increase German influence in Southeastern Europe.

In the United States, Congress rushed through final details before adjournment. . . . An investigation of monopoly was authorized and the sum of $500,000 appropriated. . . . Prospects of a record-breaking wheat crop sent the price to a new low level and forced the AAA to consider emergency plans for buying surplus wheat to distribute to those on relief, making loans to farmers to hold their crops off the market, and reducing next year's planting. . . . The Newspaper Guild opened its annual convention with cheering reports of new contracts signed, among them those with The New York World-Telegram and The Daily Mirror. . . . In New York State a sharp dispute developed between New York City District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who wants continued permission to tap wires in gathering evidence in criminal cases, and Governor Lehman. The Governor considers wire tapping of any kind an invasion of the individual's constitutional rights.

Mr. Hull's Economic Sanction

HAS THE United States government suddenly and secretly decided on a new policy toward Japan? Six months ago, when this country was taking a truculent tone in dealings with the Japanese, seeming to be doing its utmost to pick a quarrel, there is good reason to believe that the nationwide public protest against our government's belligerency caused a modification of State Department policy. Now we have all at once again begun to send sharp notes of protest in quick succession.

Admiral Harry Yarnell, who of course takes no action of importance except under orders from Washington, breathes defiance of Japan, insisting that American gunboats will stay on the upper Yangtze-Kiang, regardless of the fact that this is a war area. Most amazing of all, Secretary Hull suddenly declares a unilateral and partial "sanction" against Japan. He announces that the American government has notified manufacturers of airplanes in this country not to sell any more machines to governments which engage in bombing unprotected civilians. He seems not at all perturbed when a group of peace societies promptly demand that under this ruling the British government shall be prevented from purchase, since it has engaged in aerial bombing of towns on the northwest frontier of India.

It is reasonably clear what has happened. President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have never liked the Neutrality Act, which is intended to apply to all par-

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ties to a conflict. They have from the beginning wished to discriminate between aggressor and victim, and only the firm resistance of Congress prevented the Neutrality Law from being written in these terms, terms which would almost automatically guarantee that we would be drawn into any important war in any part of the world. The Neutrality Act has been applied only twice. It was invoked in the Italian attack on Ethiopia, where in fact it was felt by Italy but not by Ethiopia, which had practically no contact with the United States in any case. It was applied, most unjustly, in the Spanish war, where it has hurt the legal Spanish government, fighting for its life, but has not been invoked against that government's real enemies, Italy and Germany. Now, taking advantage of the worldwide horror created by Japan's bombing of Canton, Secretary Hull moves to negate the Neutrality Act still further. The American government will punish those guilty of bombing civilians, by exerting "moral pressure" to compel American manufacturers of airplanes not to deal with them.

This gesture is useful to help break down the Neutrality Law and for no other purpose, so far as we can see—unless it is a preliminary, prearranged with Great Britain, to the calling of a conference to attempt to rewrite the rules of war. Thanks to President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, who for nearly a year have refrained from applying the Neutrality Act, Japan has all the American-made airplanes she needs for the present. She has bought and continues to buy vast quantities of American scrap iron and steel for military purposes. The gasoline that drives her bombing planes continues to come from America, with the approval of our government. Protests are brushed aside in Washington while the little group of insiders continue to make our policy and to reverse themselves from day to day on impulse or after testing the vagrant winds of public opinion.

The foreign policy of the United States is too important to be improvised fresh every day by a coterie of appointed officials in the State Department. The American people have repeatedly given evidence that they do not want to be dragged into war or the serious danger of war, not even to suit the purposes of a country with which we have as many ties as we have with Great Britain. Congress wrote a neutrality law; the administration has made it a scrap of paper. Now Secretary Hull takes upon himself the fearful responsibility of applying an economic sanction against Japan which will do the Chinese a little good but will embroil the United States even more deeply in Far Eastern affairs. It is no coincidence, in our judgment, that this action was taken during the hectic last hours of a session of Congress. We shall be lucky indeed if the Secretary has not got us into even more serious trouble before the members of the National Legislature return again to Washington.

The Unemployed Railroads

CONGRESS has refused to do anything about the most critical specific problem that is likely to arise before the next session. The railroads are in pressing trouble. They have not enough traffic to pay their bills. Sixty-five Class I railroads failed to earn expenses and taxes during the first quarter of 1938, and are not likely to do any better in the second or third quarter. Many not now undergoing reorganization are likely to have to default on their fixed charges. As the easiest way out, the railroads have demanded a 15-percent wage cut, which the labor organizations have refused to accept. If, after the prescribed processes of mediation have been completed, no agreement is reached, we are likely to have a railroad strike. Even if we do not, railroad labor is already suffering from a large amount of unemployment. Meanwhile the railroads are of course unable to order any large amounts of needed equipment, and that is bad for the heavy industries, suffering as they are from depression.

There has been a proposal to lend more government money to the railroads, but this is only a stop-gap remedy that would make things worse by postponing necessary reorganization and increasing the already heavy debt burden. Reluctance to reform the financial structures of the railroads, on the other hand, proceeds from knowledge that many of their securities are in the hands of savings banks, insurance companies and small investors.

Consolidation has been proposed as a remedy ever since the War. But slow progress has been made at it. Stubborn competing interests do not favor the more rational proposals. Moreover, authorities like Interstate Commerce Commissioner Eastman do not anticipate great benefit from the kinds of consolidation that have been suggested. They would not really eliminate much wasteful competition, while they would create immensely large and powerful private corporations. Complete government ownership, which could arrange transportation as if we had a single national system, would offer different and better possibilities. Short of that, the major savings would arise from consolidation and joint use of freight terminals. But this would hardly be enough to meet the present crisis. Another difficult obstacle to overcome is that any possible saving through consolidation would be expressed in reduction of the number of employees, and that is a doubtful policy, especially at a time of widespread unemployment.

Something might be done, though not quickly, by retiring the older men on pensions adequate enough to involve no real financial sacrifice. Though no immediate saving would appear, the expense would gradually be reduced through death. This is an expense that the government might be justified in assuming. Even

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so, labor objection is not the only obstacle to savings through consolidation.

The problem is difficult in the extreme, but a few things can be said with some certainty. One is that it is neither just nor wise for the railroads to escape from their difficulties at the expense of labor. Wage reduction is not to be recommended; an attempt to enforce it will arouse bitterness and trouble. Another conclusion is that either under continued private ownership or under future government ownership, deflation of the capital structure will be essential. It might as well be undertaken now as later. Finally The New Republic has for years maintained, with Commissioner Eastman, that the only ultimate solution is public ownership. The President has been incautious in barring this solution. The sooner we begin to think about the form it should take, the better prepared we shall be to do a good job of it when the time comes.

Red Purge, Boston Style

LEGISLATIVE ACTION is following hot on the heels of the report of the special Massachusetts Commission on Communism and Other Subversive Activities and Propaganda which was completed at the end of May. The legislative committee of eleven, which is responsible for the eight-pound, 2,500-page opus on the influence and activity of the "ism" groups in the Commonwealth, has proposed twelve new restrictive acts designed to check these organizations. The program is being pushed through the legislature with unparalleled dispatch. The Catholic Church, dominant political pressure group in the state, is behind the bills and there is a serious possibility that during the summer session, when public vigilance is somewhat relaxed, they may become law.

The caliber of the Commission was revealed in an article by Robert Morss Lovett in The New Republic of December 1, 1937. It consisted of three state senators, three representatives and five appointees of the Governor. Much of the Commission's time was spent heckling radical witnesses and 90 percent of its huge report is devoted to the persons and groups it labels—for the most part erroneously—"Communist." There was much question whether the Communist witnesses could tell the truth under oath, since they did not believe in God. They were pressed to say whether they would fight against the Soviet Union if we got into a war with Russia. They were threatened with contempt proceedings because they would not submit lists of names of party members. The inquisitors kept asking whether prominent Boston liberals were Communists. The Commission was guilty not only of social and economic illiteracy, but also of literal illiteracy. Senator Burke accused a witness of wanting to "liquefy the church." Another member wanted to know the meaning of "Boogwazzies" (bourgeoisie). One witness was accused of "not talking English good."

The final conclusion of this Commission was that "there is no evidence of fascist activities" in Massachusetts, although the Italian government has a paid agent who coöperates with the consul in Boston in maintaining two schools, one in Lawrence and the other in Watertown, three Italian newspapers and a radio station present charming versions of Italian news, and there are two divisions of the German-American bund, the League of German War Veterans and the German League, Inc. The Commission failed to consider the fascist potentialities of such homespun organizations as the American Legion, the Watch and Ward Society or the numerous "patriotic" associations undoubtedly far more menacing than are the admirers of Italy or Germany.

With its sights trained on the "Reds," a word that the Commission applies without discrimination to everything from the American Civil Liberties Union to the National Maritime Union, the legislators brought forth their twelve suggestions for laws. Some of these are mild enough; proposals of this type are usually mild in their specific phraseology and become oppressive only in the hands of a fanatical administrator. One says that political nomination papers shall be preserved for one year (presumably to record the sponsors of minority candidates). Another requires that donors to political parties or campaign funds be registered. A third, the most sensible of the lot, forbids private groups to carry arms. "Foreign societies" are required to file the names and addresses of their "officers and agents" at the State House. Persons using names other than their real ones must register at the office of the town clerk. Political parties must file a complete statement of their expenses, and are subject to the same laws as their local committees. State committees of political parties must file a list of names and addresses of their members. Any organization, other than a religious group, must obtain a permit to solicit funds publicly for any purpose. It shall be a criminal libel to "impeach" in writing "the honesty, virtue, reputation, character or patriotism of any race." None of these proposals, obviously, is especially damaging.

The last two proposals, however, if they should pass the legislature, could end any pretense of civil liberty in Massachusetts. One provides that a "division of citizenship" shall be established for the purpose of eliminating the activities of persons seeking the overthrow of the American form of government. The other prohibits advocating the use of force or violence to effect political or economic change. In the hands of ignorant and reactionary state officials—and Massachusetts has plenty of these on its rosters—such laws could stamp out all opposition to the party in power, could outlaw strikes and successfully stifle any minority criticism.

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The opponents of the Irish-Catholic-Italian machine in Boston are gathering their forces to fight the passage of these bills, a fight which they feel they must win to safeguard their own future. Most of the measures have been reported out of committee favorably with amazing speed in the short time since the Commission's report. It will be hard to stop the steam-roller force behind the program. If a commission were sincerely interested in investigating subversive activities in Massachusetts it would begin by examining the men who now sit in high public office and the forces that direct their actions.

A White Milestone for Labor

JUST WHEN HOPE was abandoned for the wages-and-hours bill, the sky suddenly brightened. Those doughty Southerners in Congress who had been threatening to filibuster until the cows came home moderated their indignant transports. The joint committee of the House and Senate, supposed to reconcile the irreconcilable measures passed by these two bodies, proceeded to write a new measure of its own. It is an ingenious compromise, not so much between the Senate and House bills as between the views of the Southerners and the rest of the country.

Minimum wages in the beginning are set extremely low—only twenty-five cents an hour the first year and thirty cents the second. The working week is forty-four hours the first year, forty-two the second and forty the third. There are a host of exemptions as to working hours for seasonal industries or for plants which have agreed with their employees, through genuine collective bargaining, for a longer working week, with a guaranteed annual minimum.

After two years, it will be up to each industry to show whether it can afford an increased minimum rising to a top of forty cents an hour at the end of seven years. As we suggested should be done, in an editorial in our issue of May 25, a board will be set up in each kind of business consisting of an equal number of representatives of the employers, the workers and the public, with the chairman drawn from the third group. These boards will be quasi-judicial in character, their functions having been carefully described in the bill with an eye on the recent Supreme Court decision in the Kansas City stockyards case. Every industry can take its troubles to its own board, with the knowledge that at least two-thirds of the members are thoroughly familiar with the situation. After the minimum has been determined, any employer found guilty of paying less will have to turn over to his workers the amount they would have received if he had paid the minimum from the beginning. He must pay an equal amount as damages, and if there have been costs in connection with the prosecution, he can be required by the law to stand them.

Since this measure is a compromise, it goes without saying that it is wholly satisfactory to no one. Yet it might have been a great deal worse. The differential between the North and the South, on which the Southern bloc was insisting, would have been both unsound in principle and disastrous in effect. It might easily have caused a movement of firms from the North, accelerating a process that has been in operation for many years. The joint committee deserves credit for refusing to yield to the tremendous pressure brought to bear in this matter. The minimum wage at the beginning is so low that even in the South we don't see how any manufacturer engaged in interstate commerce can dare to say that he cannot pay it and still survive.

It is interesting to remember that the whole vast experiment of the National Recovery Act and Administration, Blue Eagle, General Johnson, dead cats, sick chickens and all the rest of it, originated in an endeavor to prevent such a law as is about to be put on the statute books. Nobody can say how much better off we might have been if this law had been passed five years earlier and the Blue Buzzard never heard of.

Comment has been made in Washington that this measure is, with the possible exception of social security, the development of greatest historic significance to come out of the Roosevelt administration. Both laws were compromises, the attempt to reconcile sharply opposed points of view. In the case of social security, the measure as finally written was so bad that it is still an open question whether it would not have been wiser in the long run to throw it all aside and start over. In the instance of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, there is, in our judgment, no such question. Once again, the American people through their Congress have recognized a collective responsibility in regard to a matter heretofore considered a private and personal affair between worker and boss.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1938,
IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

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SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

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The New Barbarian Invasion

THE UNITED STATES is the last and greatest potential source of opposition to the Nazi-fascist plan for world domination. Despite the absence of an active international "democratic front," the barbarian bloc cannot attain its world objective without winning America or at least paralyzing American opposition.

For this reason, the most powerful propaganda engine the world has ever known is giving to America the same sort of attention that is being accorded Africa, the Near East, the Far East, Scandinavia and Western Europe. Its efforts are part of a program which is initiated by the stimulation of sympathetic groups—or their formation—within other countries; it is advanced by aiding those groups with funds, emissaries and skillful propaganda; and, at the last, when the time is ripe, by offering direct military support. This was the method in Spain. It was the method in Austria, prematurely climaxed by the murder of Dollfuss. It is being used in Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

For American purposes it is essential to remember that virtually all fascist propaganda emanates from Germany. Its skill is underestimated by sensation-mongers and promulgators of spy scares, within and without Congress. The true threat to democracy lies in the deliberate efforts to indoctrinate masses of the population for explicitly avowed objectives. Those objectives are: first, the consolidation of all people of German derivation in a tightly integrated group, intellectually regimented, trained to arms and ready in whatever land they live to serve the purposes of the Nazi state; second, to implant hatred and contempt for democracy and individual freedom in the minds of populations everywhere; third, to link all fascist, anti-democratic, authoritarian-minded groups for united action.

The scope of one of the chief Nazi agencies for foreign activity, the Verband Deutscher Vereine in Ausland (League for Germanism Abroad), is indicated by one of its publications, "Wir Deutsche in der Welt," 1937, a report on the promotion of "Germanism" throughout the world. Introduced by Hermann Göring, this book contains reports of German communities from Moscow, Budapest, Costa Rica, Helsingfors, Luxemburg, Shanghai, Stockholm, Windhuk (South Africa), Zürich, Paraguay, Lima, the Ukraine, Barcelona and Rio de Janeiro. The United States is omitted from this publication presumably because of the fear of unfavorable reactions here.

The German World Service, which was responsible last year for the faked story of Benjamin Franklin's warning to his contemporaries against Jews—a story still being spread by Edmondson and Pelley—is the source of much of the material copied, sometimes verbatim, in American fascist publications. The Fichtebund, ideological pumping-station; the Foreign Division of the Nazi Party, headed by an official of the Foreign Ministry; and the Labor Front, all contribute to the foreign campaigns.

The nucleus in America consists of some ten million German-Americans who, it is intended, shall be unified as a "German racial community." To this end camps of a hundred acres or more, at which boys and girls are trained and adults parade and drill, form part of the machinery on Long Island, in upstate New York, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Missouri, California, Oregon and Washington. There are some sixty-six local units in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Reading, Detroit and other cities and many of them now have target ranges. Notices are being mailed in New York to group members notifying them of the date assigned them for target practice.

In Cleveland, at a meeting attended by many groups, but in reality run by Nazis sent for the purpose, there were present Mayor Harold H. Burton, Dr. Rolf Kassler representing the German consul, State Senator McCloskey, Dr. C. Ellis, president of Cleveland College, as well as Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American Volksbund, chief Nazi organization here. A local German-language newspaper predicted of this "first German-American Heimat Kunde convention" that it would be followed by others throughout the country, the expressed purpose of the gatherings being to unite Germans throughout the United States, to further the "cultural interests" of American Germanism and to promulgate its ideas everywhere. For these purposes "German culture" must be understood as meaning Nazism.

Efforts to unite all Nazi and fascist groups are reflected in many meetings. At one gathering in Steinway Hall, New York City, of the American Nationalist Labor Party, a Spanish youth, introduced as the son of the former Spanish Ambassador to London, fiercely attacked Jews and praised Mussolini and Hitler. Other speakers praised Franco and charged the Roosevelt administration was controlled by Jews. The audience, when called upon to salute the flag of the United States, gave the Nazi stiff-arm. At a Hippodrome meeting in New York City last October 30, Fritz Kuhn was joined on the platform by English and French-Canadian anti-Semites who outdid him in their violent diatribes against Jews. There were contingents of Italian Black Shirts and White Russians at the meeting. A meeting of Silver Shirts was held in Steinway Hall this year. Not only was there violent anti-Semitic talk, but also pro-Japanese literature was

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distributed. Communism was identified as "world Jewry in action" and the forged "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" were on sale among other such material. Hitler's name was consistently applauded.

The spearhead of American Nazism is the Volksbund. The introduction to the 1938 "Yearbook" of the Volksbund acknowledges the aid of the Institute for Germanism Abroad at Stuttgart and speaks for the group as follows:

> Many German racial comrades look upon the "Yearbook: 1938" not only as a remembrance of an epoch of struggle but as an object which instils fresh strength and courage for the relentless fight of our movement against all enemies of Germany, who at the same time [touching afterthought] are the adversaries of our new homeland, the United States of America.
>
> We stand here as the children of the Third Reich [says the introduction to the 1935 edition], as preachers of the German world viewpoint of National Socialism which has displayed before the eyes of the world the incomparable miracle of National Socialism. Germany considers it as a service to the nation if you greet the rebirth of the German, the glorious movement of National Socialism, with understanding; when you openly accept the German language, German manners and German traits.

This is strictly in accord with Hitler's statement in "Mein Kampf": "The German Reich as a State is to embrace all Germans for the purpose of not only uniting and maintaining the most valuable racial elements of this nation but also for the purpose of raising the German nation gradually and safely to a dominating position."

The German-American Volksbund is linked with 150 organizations of varying sizes, some small, others more numerous, all of them looking toward and ready to be guided by governments other than that of the United States. There are interchanges of speakers, emissaries and literature between American Nazi-Fascists and the Canadian group which would split Quebec Province from the rest of Canada. Among the sympathetic groups may be mentioned Winrod's Defenders of the Christian Faith who are working for his election in Kansas to the United States Senate; the Silver Shirts; the White Front sponsored by the White Guard in the South, and innumerable other fronts, shirts, defenders, patriots, guards and gangs.

The methods of spreading propaganda are various, beginning with the systematic indoctrination of the young. They include the capture of old German-American societies in New York and especially on the West Coast. Their celebrations of such festivals as "German day" are made into propaganda affairs. Daily persistent, intensified short-wave radio broadcasts from Germany and South America endeavor to establish personal contacts with German-Americans who are asked to send messages to friends and relatives in Germany. Greetings are broadcast mentioning those on this side by name. Without doubt the friends and relatives over there are instructed what to write in conformity with Nazi purposes.

Some 150 German-language newspapers in the United States are served with mats and "boiler-plate" articles and pictures. A characteristic circular letter of the German-American Bund, addressed by one Nazi editor to a German-language paper elsewhere in this country, asks help in increasing regional circulation of the writer's Nazi publication, commends the interest shown in the work for "*Allgemeinen Deutschum unserer Vereinigten Staaten*" (general Germandom of our United States) and urges reference to the purposes of "our racial work" in this country.

An issue of the Amerikadienst (American service) of the League for Germanism Abroad reports the largest turnout in thirty years in the Eastern United States at a summer camp; asks a collection in behalf of the Germans in Saskatchewan, Canada; contains an article on the numerical strength and race consciousness of the Germans in western Canada; and a report on the personal contacts of a Nazi woman with Germans here.

The specifically German work always reaches out for new adherents. Anti-communism; agitation for "peace" and opposition to American military preparedness with the intention of hindering potential American defense against Nazi-fascism in the event of war; pro-Japanese propaganda; anti-Semitism; savage hostility to labor; Nazi "racialism"; pro-Franco, pro-Hitler, pro-Mussolini sentiment, are among the diversity of motives promulgated by secret meetings, leaflets, periodicals, books and newspaper publications.

It is characteristic of this program that misinformation must be systematically provided for this country and for the world. Every journalist abroad, every commentator, every witness who takes truth for his guide, who cannot be bought or bullied into the falsification of fact which serves the Neo-Barbarian purpose, is ruthlessly imprisoned or murdered if he is entirely within their power, or expelled and deprived of communication if he is not.

The process of "boring from within," a termite-like effort to reduce the structure of democracy, takes the form of Communist-baiting to the extent that every liberal and democratic manifestation is labeled "red," leftist, subversive. Vigilantism, labor spying, the Black Legion with its murderous terrorism, fit in closely with the program, as do efforts to infiltrate the National Guard. I have no doubt that Father Coughlin's recent advocacy of the "corporative state" was appreciated.

Aside from labor warfare, there is one essential doctrine and theory which Neo-Barbarism relies on. Anti-Semitism has been enormously distended. The artfully promulgated hatred for things Jewish has been made to include democracy and liberalism, themselves labeled Jewish by the Nazi propaganda machine. No statement is too wild, no falsehood too fantastic, to serve the Nazi purpose, from the proliferation of the

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forged Protocols to the identification of J. P. Morgan as a Jew.

The Nazi technique is well illustrated in the report of their agitation in Hungary reported by M. W. Fodor, in a United Press dispatch, March 30, 1938:

> Leaflets were circulated calling Premier Koloman Daranyi's government and its members unprintable names. They were charged with having Jewish blood, and if they had no such "taint," according to the leaflets, then the Cabinet members were nothing but hirelings of the Jews.
>
> While Nazi officials contended that the leaflets were forgeries, designed to bring the party into disrepute, observers noted certain features that belied the Nazi disclaimer.

That the efforts in this country, various in form, are as yet amorphous and constitute no major threat to democracy should blind no one to their relationship to what is the most dangerous menace to civilization that the world has faced since ancient cultures were reduced to smoldering manuscripts and heaps of rubble. The present threat is no measure of the ultimate danger. It is a danger to be measured in terms of the progress of Nazi-fascism overseas.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Arnold: Myth and Trust Buster

MAYBE it was Thurman Arnold himself who recently bemoaned in print the inability of the American people to reconcile a sense of serious purpose in their leaders with a hearty sense of humor. It is a fact well worth bemoaning. Any bank president, any senator, any corporation chairman who dared to crack constantly wise about anything of consequence would be liable to lose first his prestige and then his job. And it is under the cloud of this native superstition which holds the grimace mightier than the grin that Thurman Arnold has gone from Yale to Washington to bust trusts for the New Deal.

For the new Assistant Attorney General has for years not only dared but delighted to crack wise about things of consequence. With the reverberations of his latest socially significant laughter, "The Folklore of Capitalism," still resounding through the best-seller lists, his appointment brought howls of holy horror from the pundits who presume to speak for public opinion. How in the name of God or Roosevelt, they demanded, can a man who holds so lightly our Sacred Institutions be entrusted with a serious institutional task? How, in particular, can a man who so ridiculed the anti-trust laws be placed in charge of their enforcement? What are we coming to when a court jester is made minister? Anyway, what are we coming to?

The intended implication of such questions, of course, was that Thurman Arnold, because he owned and enjoyed using a witty tongue and a witty pen, could not possibly be the stuff of which able public servants are made. The assumption is so obvious—and so unthinking. It seems never to have occurred to the pundits that a man might be able to devote his fun-making to something other than trivia and still devote serious energy to something other than fun-making. It seems never to have occurred to them that the type of mind which can see through institutional sham and rib it rather than rant at it might be an asset in the performance of a serious institutional job.

Arnold has that type of mind. And Arnold has yet to take a serious job lightly, despite the fact that he has never considered it essential to don a sour puss in order to indicate purposeful endeavor. As mayor of Laramie, Wyoming, where he was born, as practising attorney, as state legislator, as law professor at Wyoming and Yale and as law-school dean in West Virginia, as Special Assistant Attorney General arguing tax cases before the Supreme Court and even as corporal in the United States Army, Arnold has never failed to see the humor in ceremonial solemnity. Nor, on the other hand, has he ever allowed his lively feeling for the ridiculous to serve as a self-excuse for sloppy performance. Only because public and pundits first came to know him as the irreverently fun-poking author of "The Folklore of Capitalism" (written in his spare time) has the impression got about that he is a cross between a clown and a Communist.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing of either the Communist or the clown in Arnold. His genuinely friendly and tolerant attitude toward die-hards of politics, business and the bar, even while he is kidding the pants off them, is the despair of his radical friends. And he does not kid the pants off the reactionaries and their rituals, clownlike, just for the hell of it. His humor, though never barbed, is pointed. He is often at his most serious when he is funniest.

"Jurisdiction is a horse; this we learn in Arnold's course—" sing Yale Law School students in their faculty song. And Arnold is indeed funny, and intentionally funny, when he draws a crude horse on the blackboard and expounds, then explodes, the abstruse concept of legal jurisdiction with recurrent gestures toward the horse. But in so doing he puts across the idea that it is dangerous to indulge in reification, or —as Mr. Justice McReynolds discovered from a dictionary when Arnold used the word in court—to give definite content and form to an abstraction.

Similarly, one of the funniest pieces Arnold ever

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wrote was an article for The American Bar Association Journal, which had asked him to present the New Deal side of the dispute over the Roosevelt court plan. Arnold presented it by mock-paraphrasing the indignant portents of doom (if the court bill should pass) which high respectables of the legal profession had written for an earlier number of The ABA Journal. He made the doom-portenders sound so silly that The Journal first balked at printing the piece and finally hid it away in the back of the magazine.

Anyone who has read "The Folklore of Capitalism" or its less publicized progenitor, "The Symbols of Government," instead of just reading about them, knows that both books are a great deal more than funny. The appraisals of Arnold, the author, as a whimsy boy with his tongue in his cheek and a sadly perverted sense of the comic come from quarters where it would be immensely consoling to dismiss Arnold as nothing but a superficial smart aleck. Those who so appraise Arnold would probably describe a powerful but sugar-coated pill as a bad piece of candy.

For both books, however humor-coated, are stiff intellectual doses—for radicals and conservatives alike. What Arnold does in them is to apply to our social institutions and our group creeds the pitiless analysis of the completely unemotional observer, which he learned from his great friend, the late psychologist Edward S. Robinson. The result is a far-flung laying bare of the political and economic myths which men have long accepted as gospel. That Arnold unmasks beliefs and rituals with a twinkle of amusement instead of a scowl of indignation—that he frequently camouflages the keenness of his analysis under his own breezy Western brand of humor—makes his work not only more readable but more devastating. It is always harder to answer a laugh than a curse.

Now all that Arnold said about the anti-trust laws—in the chapter that made Senator Borah and The New York Herald Tribune, among others, decry his appointment as a governmental travesty—was that the anti-trust laws, judged by their purpose and their results, were a joke. Inasmuch as the laws were intended to break up big combinations and maintain a competitive price structure, and inasmuch as we have today bigger combinations and more rigid prices than when the laws were passed, Arnold's conclusion would seem more trite than profane or irreverent. Yet, as Arnold is scarcely the first to discover, few people are fond of facing bothersome facts, especially when the facts completely contradict a pet faith. Even Franklin Roosevelt expressed astonishment when several steel companies submitted identical bids, though as a cigarette-smoker he must know that every drugstore sells Camels, Chesterfields, Old Golds and Lucky Strikes at one price.

Arnold made his point about the anti-trust laws more telling, and more bothersome, by showing how the laws themselves had actually contributed to the defeat of their own avowed purpose. Once they were on the books, it was generally assumed that they would work—that the battle was over. Lulled by this satisfying assumption, people took little notice that the laws were wishfully rather than effectively drafted, that the Supreme Court soon drew their few feeble teeth, that industry was cleverly, consistently and legally evading them, that big combinations and set prices were not dying but thriving—in short that the laws *were* proving a joke. Thus the anti-trust laws, because they were both existent and impotent, served as a protection for trusts and price-fixing. This paradox struck Arnold as more amusing than outrageous and so he set it down amusingly—to the increased annoyance of those who did not like to believe or face what was perfectly apparent.

Trust-busting in this country, from Teddy Roosevelt down to Senator Borah, has been carried on in the crusading tradition. And Arnold is no crusader. A crusader cannot afford a sense of humor, and a crusader is more concerned with winning wars of symbols and words than with getting practical things done. It is precisely because he is no crusader, because he does not get fooled or sidetracked by the showy semblance of accomplishment, that Arnold is apt to prove a highly effective Assistant Attorney General. The man who laughs at institutional sham when he is an observer will be likely to brush it aside when he is a performer. If there is to be any real clamping down on the big corporations with a proclivity for subterranean price control—a possibility that seems a bit remote without new and tighter legislation—it will come from ungullible men of the Arnold stripe.

Moreover, Arnold, once he undertakes a job, is a painfully conscientious workman. And this fact ties up to a personal trait which will seem, to those who know him only through his books, grotesquely out of character. For Arnold is a sensitive cuss, not about what he believes but about what he *is*. Just as he himself never doubts the sincerity or integrity of those with whom he disagrees, so he hates to have his own integrity called into question. The shower of criticism which descended on him at his appointment—biased and unfounded as it was, and as Arnold would have been the first to recognize had it been directed at someone else—led him to wonder if he had not better give up being a funny-man and assume a solemn front. His thought, of course, was for the job he has ahead of him and for the possible handicap of being underrated as a performer because of his penchant for poking fun. To those who have sincerely questioned his earnestness this may be a reassuring sign. But those of us who see nothing incongruous in the spectacle of an able public servant with a sense of humor will devoutly hope that one of the nation's foremost kidders is not going to get kidded out of it himself.

FRED RODELL

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So You Want Low-Rent Housing?

UNDER the Wagner-Steagall Housing Act public housing has been put squarely into the laps of the local communities. The old PWA housing set-up, with government officials taking all the responsibility, is a thing of the past. Before a community can get a government housing loan from Nathan Straus's $500,000,000 treasury (soon to be increased by $300,000,000), it must decide for itself exactly what it wants and draw up its own low-rent-housing plans.

There are four hurdles that every community must jump before it can start building with federal funds: Getting a "housing need" declared, having a housing "authority" appointed, obtaining an "earmarking" of funds in Washington and getting the loan itself.

First, the "housing need."

If you and your neighbors live in one of the fourteen states without enabling legislation,[1] you can't even take this first step. All you can do is plague your state legislature until it passes an act allowing its cities and counties to participate in the federal housing program.

If you live in one of the thirty-three states with enabling acts, you and a small group of citizens can petition your city council to declare a housing need. In some states the council will have to hold a public hearing to decide whether there really is a local housing shortage and slum problem.

In all the states there are reactionary city councils which will drink the progressive waters of public housing only if they are forcibly led to the trough and their noses plopped into it. Pennsylvania has a provision in its housing laws that accomplishes this very efficiently. Reactionary councils are compelled to string along by the knowledge that if they don't, the Governor—upon petition of twenty-five citizens—can go over their heads and declare housing needs himself. Other states would do well to copy this clause.

If you live in a small rural town, it's not so easy. Only about half of the thirty-three states with enabling acts allow housing needs to be declared on a county-wide basis or in towns under 10,000 population.

Second, the housing "authority."

Once a housing need has been declared, it's up to the mayor, city council or both to appoint the housing authority (usually made up of five members), the agency which will have legal control over your entire local housing problem.

But don't leave it up to the mayor and council. If you do, you're liable to get a housing authority that is dominated by political hacks thirsting for duck-soup and by business men eager to have things run to their special advantage. If you haven't a local housing association, this is the time to form one. A housing association's recommendations will carry weight with the powers that be.

The ideal housing authority is one that is made up of experts. But where can you get them outside of New York? In most communities you'll have to be satisfied if you succeed in getting an authority that accurately represents all the groups that are interested in and affected by low-rent housing. Trade-union people are most important. It was the trade unions which had the Wagner-Steagall bill enacted. It is the workers themselves who will build the houses and who will live in them. Next come social workers, other professional people, business men. So far, about one hundred and forty housing authorities have been set up.

Third, the "earmarking."

The first thing your newly appointed housing authority must do is to collect some data on bad housing conditions in the town or county. If a WPA project has already made a housing survey—well and good. Otherwise, the authority must make a cursory survey itself. After the facts are in its hands, the authority must decide how many new low-rent houses are needed, and how much they will cost. When these data are gathered, the authority is ready to hie itself to Washington to get its "earmarking," that is, to have a certain amount of money tentatively set aside for its use when construction plans are completed.

If you live in New York or Pennsylvania or Ohio your authority had better shake a leg. Fifty million is the maximum allowed any state. The earmarking for each of these three already totals somewhere around forty-five million. In fact, wherever you live, haste is necessary; the eighty-one earmarkings that have already been made have eaten up two-thirds of the original five hundred million (which in itself is sufficient for no more than 125,000 dwellings).

Whatever you get, it won't be enough. It will only be a beginning, just sufficient to plant the seed. On returning to your home town your authority should explain that more money can be obtained in the near future if the people make their voices heard plainly enough in Congress. Then it should settle down to the serious business of getting the available money and using it to the best advantage.

Four, getting the loan.

Before your authority can get its loan, complete plans must be drawn up. First, since the United States Housing Authority can only lend 90 percent of the amount needed for construction, the local authority must prepare to raise 10 percent. This is not quite

[1] Maine, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, South Dakota, Arizona and Washington.

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so difficult as it has been cracked up to be. There are plenty of banks that will support a bond issue. Second, in order to get the annual government subsidies (the maximum is 3½ percent of the federal loan) which will allow low rentals to be charged, the authority must arrange to match every five dollars of government subsidy with at least one dollar of local subsidy. Complete tax exemption or tax remission will usually take care of this. Third, it must guarantee that building costs will not exceed $1,000 a room or $4,000 a dwelling unit—$1,250 a room and $5,000 a unit in cities with population over 500,000.

The above specifications are iron-clad. There is no room for variation. The rest of the building plan, however, leaves ample room for local initiative. It's up to your local authority to decide such vital matters as location, slum clearance or repair, type of dwelling, rentals and union wages.

Since only nine cities[1] out of the eighty-one with earmarkings have already received their loans, most of the local authorities—from Yonkers to San Francisco—are pondering these matters at this very moment.

If your town has already progressed to the point where you have an earmarking, don't let your housing authority do all its pondering behind office doors. These are questions of public import. They should be brought before the trade unions and civic associations. They should be discussed at public hearings. Otherwise, an incompetent or reactionary housing authority can make a hopeless mess of your housing program. On the other hand, a competent and progressive authority can only make headway if it has the backing of organized public opinion.

Location. – The ideal location is on low-cost land. This means unoccupied sites. Most present slum sections should be avoided; they're too expensive.

The acute difference between the two alternatives can be graphically expressed in terms of dollars and cents. In the case of five USHA housing projects (Syracuse, New Orleans, Charleston, Youngstown, Austin) which are now under way, the average cost per family dwelling of occupied, centrally located land is $1,682. The average cost of unoccupied, outlying land is only $411. The difference means lower rents and more dwellings.

Yet representatives of various landowners and mortgage-holding banks may come before your authority and insist on the use of relatively high-priced slum sites. Although they won't say it openly, their purpose will be to dump their bad investments upon the community at fancy prices. If the community gives in to them, it will not only use its money to least advantage but it will run the risk of being caught in a prolonged tangle of litigation, demolition and tedious assemblage of separate lots.

[1] Jacksonville, Augusta, Louisville, New Orleans, New York, Syracuse, Youngstown, Charleston and Austin.

Unfortunately, the tendency appears to be toward the use of high-cost, occupied land. In the case of the before-mentioned five projects for which the USHA has released the average costs, 81 percent of the dwellings are on the high-cost land and only 19 percent on the low cost.

Slum Clearance or Repair. – The Wagner-Steagall Act provides that for every new building built with federal funds, at least one unsafe or insanitary dwelling must be either repaired and improved or eliminated by demolition or condemnation.

Here again there is an acute difference between the two alternatives facing your housing authority. If a hundred dwellings are built and a hundred torn down, the federal funds will be of no use at all in relieving the housing shortage. If, on the other hand, a hundred substandard dwellings are made habitable instead of being demolished, your housing program will make more dwellings available, relieve overcrowding and tend to lower the town's rentals.

The simplest way to obtain the required number of repairs is to enforce the building codes. Have the police and health departments threaten to close down every substandard dwelling until the owners make the necessary improvements. If the landlords won't comply, the city council can pass an ordinance allowing it to make the repairs itself and put a lien upon the property for the extent of the costs.

The biggest obstacle to such a program will be the police and health departments and the city council itself. Unless strong public pressure is developed, none of them will risk offending the landlords and the banks by enforcing building codes. A typical example is Philadelphia, whose housing code contains a model provision for repairs by the city. During the current year the councilmen of the City of Brotherly Love, where some of the world's worst slums are located, have appropriated only $750 for this purpose.

Furthermore, banking interests prefer slum demolition to repair because it allows them to unload their slum properties, helps to restore realty values and preserves the housing shortage with its profitable high-rent levels.

Fortunately, if repairs don't seem practical at the moment, your authority can squeeze between the horns of the dilemma and avoid demolition. If it can prove that a serious shortage exists—to the satisfaction of Washington—demolition can be delayed. Taking advantage of the delay, your authority can carry the ball down the field for repairs.

Type of Dwelling. – The best results can be achieved by large-scale projects with community facilities, such as playgrounds, recreation halls, swimming pools, etc. A mean should be struck between elegance and bareness. Two or three-story walk-up apartments will usually be the most economical.

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Rentals. – The sole rental provision in the Wagner-Steagall Act is that only those tenants may be accepted whose income is not more than five times the rental (six times if there are three or more dependents). How low the rents really are is up to the local authority.

Contrary to popular conception, low rentals are not always the result of the lowest possible construction costs. They are best assured by paying more money for better building materials and thereby cutting down the expense of future repairs. Since maintenance costs always raise rents, lower rentals can be guaranteed by planning to have the tenants operate the heating plants and take care of the halls and stairways.

Union Wages. – If scab wages prevail in your town, your authority is under no legal compulsion to pay more than the "prevailing wage." It will be best in the long run, however, to pay union wages—if not for the principle involved, at least to ensure the housing projects against labor trouble.

In order to draw up these plans and to administer them, your authority will need to employ an administrative staff. Although lawyers and architects will naturally be paid from the federal funds, it is undesirable to charge the salaries of this staff to the project and thereby increase the rents. City councils should be convinced that they should foot part of the bill at least; the WPA will very likely be willing to take care of the rest.

The administrative staff should draw up not only immediate plans but a long-term housing plan. It should work in conjunction with your city-planning-commission—if you have one. If you haven't, one should be set up. Housing projects should be related to trends in population, industrial development, transportation and utility facilities, etc. WPA projects should be obtained to make vacancy studies and real-property inventories. A long-term land-purchase program should be worked out.

After the government loan is obtained and your housing project is constructed, your authority is faced with the complex problem of management. There is always the danger that tenants will be selected upon the basis of political favoritism rather than actual need. There is always the necessity of conducting the project in such a way that the tenants will take pride in preserving certain standards of cleanliness and that a healthy neighborhood atmosphere will be created.

These are the new and complicated problems that will face hundreds of communities during the next two or three years. If they are solved with a fair degree of success, decentralization of public housing will be proved practical. The American people will gain a wealth of useful housing knowledge. A full-throated nationwide demand will be aroused for perfecting the Wagner-Steagall Act. It will be easier to have Congress authorize a gigantic, permanent housing program—not only to stimulate employment, but to provide decent, low-rent dwellings for the millions of people whom private industry has compelled to suffer from the scourge of high rents and insanitary, crowded living conditions.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

On the Labor Front

Transport Workers Organize

THE TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION is proof that the CIO is neither violent nor irresponsible. It is now a union of 90,000 members, with lodges in sixteen cities. With the exception of the Independent Subway System, every passenger-vehicle line in New York City that moves on wheels has been organized and has closed-shop agreements. Without a single break in service, 50,000 New York City transport workers have been organized. Every taxicab driver in the city, every bus driver, the 13,500 men of the Interborough and the 3,200 men of the Third Avenue Railway System have poured into the union. As the Transport Workers themselves say, Mayor LaGuardia has been an important ally in achieving these agreements so peacefully.

The organizing of the Transport Workers into this powerful union is one of the romances of the CIO. In 1934, Michael Quill, the present president of the union, Austin Hogan, its general secretary, and a handful of other workers decided again to attempt to organize the transport workers of New York City. In forty years, six separate attempts have been beaten by the open-shop tactics of the transit lines.

In 1934 a company union with a "yellow-dog" contract, which provided that a worker should never join a labor union, was the lot of the transport workers. Stool pigeons and spies infested the industry. Mr. Quill said that the "Beckies," as the detective operatives were known, "watched you on the job and accompanied you home at night like a guardian angel to make sure you would not participate in such subversive movements as the Transport Workers' Union."

The handful of union men met in saloons and hallways. They gathered on the rooftops, met in funeral parlors and rented furnished rooms for their meetings. From the first their idea was to organize an industrial union which would unite all the workers

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without racial prejudice or regard to religious or political differences.

In the early organizational campaigns, the powerful ladies' auxiliary played an important part, since it was able to work in the open when the union still had to remain underground. Like every other one of the great CIO unions, the Transport Workers tried to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. According to Austin Hogan, they were told that the workers in the transport industry were a bunch of scabs; that attempts to organize them were hopeless.

Finally the International Society of Machinists granted them an industrial charter. When, during their struggle with the Third Avenue Railway System, they appealed for help to Mr. William Green, he suggested that their membership be divided into a dozen craft organizations. It was at this point that they applied for affiliation with the CIO.

The transit industry has been notorious for its long hours and low pay. Until lately, the men worked in this city for 33 cents an hour, 12 hours a day, 84 hours a week, 365 days a year. From the moment of their affiliation with the CIO conditions changed; thousands of workers who were working from 65 to 72 hours a week are today working from 40 to 48 hours, many with a wage of 81 cents an hour. Vacations with pay have been introduced and espionage ended.

It is a rank-and-file union, run democratically. As Austin Hogan says: "We do not just talk about democracy. We practise democracy, and we go further. We train the workers in democratic procedure and show them in real life the value of democracy. The greatest bulwark for the protection of American democracy is the rank-and-file industrial unions like the Transport Workers' Union."

MARY HEATON VORSE

Union-Label Cosmetics

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, one may now buy perfume, rouge, sheep dip, nail polish, aspirin or moth balls made by the members of the United Mine Workers of America! All these and more are produced by workers in young District 50, national in scope and industrial in set-up, which has CIO jurisdiction over coal-processing, chemical and allied workers. Formerly District 50 was called the Gas, Byproduct, Coke and Chemical Workers' Council, twenty large federal locals in the A. F. of L., but it affiliated with the coal miners at their August, 1936, convention when the Executive Council attempted to split the group into "appropriate" craft unions.

It really isn't a long jump from the coal pits or the foul tar refineries to the enchanting phenylaceticaldehyde (alias *odeur d'hyacinthe*) blended in cosmetic sweatshops, for coal is the grandfather of the chemical industry. As bituminous coal is destructively distilled to obtain coke, more than ten gallons of coal tar per ton are formed. From this come literally thousands of by-products: plastics, food flavorings, creosote, dyes, lachrymators, briquette-binders, paints, pharmaceuticals, soda water, anesthetics, artificial rubber, cosmetics, explosives, antiseptics and so on. The "pure constituents" from which the majority of industrially important organic chemicals are prepared comprise but ten percent of the original coar tar.

Moreover, the entire process from mine tipple to tar still and vat is usually carried on under one corporation roof. Thus the Koppers Company, one of the big coal processors, is together with its affiliates the second largest bituminous combine in the country. The largest, incidentally, is the U. S. Steel's chain of captive mines, which explains the initiative of John L. Lewis in launching the CIO that sponsored the SWOC as well as District 50. District 50's unionization of Big Steel's bottleneck—the coke ovens—was one reason why Myron G. Taylor signed with the SWOC. Indeed, the CIO and industrial unionism in general are labor's answer to increased integration of industry.

The Koppers Company, for example, a combined horizontal and vertical trust, operates everything from coal mines to public utilities selling the gas produced from the coal. Not only has it constructed 76 percent of the by-product coke plants now in use in America, as well as tar-distilling, refining and gas plants and tipples, coal-washing plants and other coal-handling equipment, but it also owns and itself operates 230 coke ovens, 14 tar-distilling and blending plants, 3 by-product coke plants, coal mines in West Virginia, Kentucky and Pennsylvania and several gas companies in New York and New England. Furthermore, to avoid paying the exorbitant prices of other monopolies, it also owns and operates iron-ore mines, two blast furnaces, twelve open-hearth furnaces, rolling mills and a foundry, twenty-two wood-preserving plants treating ties and piling produced from its own timber reserves, and a drydock and steamship line.

Besides the contracts with Koppers, District 50's 125 locals scattered through more than 20 states have won many other agreements. The working conditions in this field are uncommonly dangerous and disagreeable. Explosions, fires and assorted poisonings are daily hazards. Low wages are prevalent in the cosmetic, drug, paint and varnish factories, while gas-makers complain of the terrific heat and speed-up with no rest periods. The union has won wage increases totaling more than $300,000 in drug and chemical plants alone during the past year. Cutex and Val-Spar girls, for example, won wage increases of 20 to 30 percent, with holidays, overtime rates, seniority and the preferential shop. Foundations are now being laid for a drive to organize the other 100,000 workers in the fields embraced by this district.

ROBERT STUART

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"Degenerate Art"

THE COMPLETENESS of the swindle perpetrated by fascism on the Germans comes to light again: in the conduct of their government toward their gifted living painters and sculptors. These artists, the vast majority of whom happen to be what is called Aryan, not only have been driven from their teaching positions, in more than a single case with actual volleys of stones. Their paintings and statues have officially been condemned as un-German, Mongolian, Bolshevistic and degenerate; removed from the museums which purchased them for the people during republican times; assembled together with some inferior work in an exhibition in Munich stigmatized as "Degenerate Art"; and put in the way of a worse fate. Paralleling this exhibition, the government opened a show of the kind of art which it holds German, non-Mongolian, un-Bolshevistic and normal.

What constitutes the fascist swindle in this instance is the circumstance that a deal of the stigmatized work is healthy, intrinsically good, capable of serving as criteria of healthiness and goodness, and in the best tradition of the art of the German past; while the officially sanctioned art, although it may be German, non-Mongolian and un-Bolshevistic, is—to lapse still further into the lovely terminology of our good friends the National Socialists—rankly "degenerate." One has merely to glance at the catalogue of the official exhibition to be convinced of it. The pictures composing it are reproductions of representations for the most part of Hitler, various generals in full uniform, would-be-heroic nudes of youths and Germanias in a condition of pregnancy, which fail of their ostensible object: the depiction of appearances. No human beings ever looked like most of these vapid and characterless effigies. The feeling for the plastic materials they evince is equal to their versimilitude.

It will be said that the aim of these works is the propagation of the Faith: that they are intended to give substance to fixed ideas and awaken warlike patriotic sentiment. They seem to have fallen short even of this object. The crowd avoided the exhibition of them and flocked to that of "degenerate art."

As for the high quality of the work of the best of the artists besmirched by the latter show, and its coincidence with the best German traditions—that too is visible: in the specimens of their work which have been shown this winter in the New York galleries.—One of the first of these exhibitions of art antipathetic to the Nazis was that of oils, watercolors and woodcuts of German and Alpine landscapes, street scenes, peasants making hay, animal and still-life by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. Lovely and healthy work, these specimens of his productions judge their denigrators. In point of style some of the oils resemble posters, glorified travel-posters of Basle, Dresden, the Engadine. They have the species' flat decorative form. But they are posters raised to the potency of first-rate art. Their colors are hard and magnificent: those of the semi-precious stones—lapis-lazuli, sardonyx, malachite. The opaque mauves are particularly rich. The brushwork is robust, the designs clear, dynamic and unified: they are harmonious wholes full of vitality and movement, and evince an extraordinary unity of feeling. And sympathetically they represent a very great lady, *Die Natur:* her surface and her inwardness. No realistic picture we know of Dresden reproduces the situation more completely than Kirchner's decorative, stilly, amusingly pompous one. The very light and atmosphere of the Saxon plain and its rippling fields of rye haunt its fresh colors. And certain of his Alpine landscapes, the glowing image of the herd of chamois in especial, utter the loneliness and also the gentleness of non-human Creation. Through several of his aspiring watercolors we breathe the air of a mountain climate as largely a moral and a spiritual as a physical one, banishing all sentimental self-indulgence and provoking virile objectivity. The most significant paintings of the Alps since Segantini's! And of all these pictures one would cry, *"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"*

Their author was the chief of a group of gifted artists which formed in Dresden in 1905 and called itself "Die Brücke" (The Bridge). Its inspiration was the guild-spirit of the middle ages beloved of Nazidom. The six young painters of the group during several years clove to a collective ideal. They shared studios, paints, brushes and models and exhibited together without signing their names. Individualistic impulses only gradually weakened their ideal, and the association persisted into the time before the outbreak of the World War. In style, too, their work was in the tradition of medieval and Gothic art. It was "expressionistic," independently paralleling that of the gifted artists in the movement called *"fauve,"* or "wild," in France, the movement of Matisse and Dérain. What chiefly distinguished the German from the French representatives of the movement was the former's emotional intensity: common to them all was what in the last analysis is a religious, possibly mystical approach to life like that of the Gothic artists. The new painters tc the east as to the west of the Rhine were interested less by what had moved the impressionists—the effect of the object on the painter's eye—than by its effect upon his sensibility. They wished to approach and represent not so much the appearance of things as their essences, their inner

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beings. To achieve this end, all these men more or less involuntarily called into play again the language of the essential: abstract design; and restored it to the primacy it had enjoyed both in the ultra-northerly Gothic art and primitive ones.

Kirchner, who may have developed tuberculosis during the War in 1918, went to live in Davos in Switzerland. There in his new home his art commenced to turn more concretely representative. An exhibition of this later more realistic but none the less sturdily formal work of his in Basle caused a group of artists to gather about him for a second time in his career. The Prussian Academy of Fine Arts in 1930 elected him to membership. And during last year, above twenty of his pictures were removed from the German museums and exposed in the show of "Degenerate Art."

And other exponents of movements in addition to the expressionist and equally "degenerate" in Nazi eyes similarly have been proving their subjects' worth and coincidence with the best German traditions. For instance: the recent exhibition of the solid quasi-Gothic sculpture of Ernst Barlach. Barlach, who appears to have incurred the special enmity of Alfred Rosenberg, was stoned from his school and the types he portrays in gestures of prayer or other spiritual travail were denounced as Mongolian. If their Mongolianism is a fact, it clearly points to Martin Luther's, since several of the heads figuring in Barlach's show resemble the great reformer's. Their peasantlike, typically Saxon features express the deep sincerity and inwardness we see in Luther's portraits. Evidences of intrinsic worth and traditionalism have also been supplied by the show of the grisly war-etchings of the neo-objectivist Otto Dix—etchings which surpass Goya's more masterly "Disasters of the War" in one respect: their expression of the ruinous effects of the shambles in the very depths of the human psyche. Their mixture of realism and symbolism recalls Dürer's, precisely as the hard outlines of Dix's somewhat uncouthly realistic portraits recall Holbein's. And still other proofs of a like nature have been presented by the exhibition of the work of the German-Swiss long domiciled in Germany and by virtue of the lightness of his form, his unflagging inventiveness and impeccable taste, line and sense of color perhaps the prince of living German painters and surely one of the foremost contemporary artists. This is Paul Klee.

Klee is a feather in surrealism's cap. A pictorial poet, many of his pure little paintings plainly represent unconscious feelings: "*petites sensations*" as Leibnitz long since called them; unfathomable moments of rapture, nostalgia or presentiment which ordinary circumstances sometimes evoke—effects of light, colors in the sky at a street's end, sudden vistas or connections of familiar things—and which vanish as swiftly and inexplicably as they arise. Similar to the designs of children or primitives, numbers of his elusive forms are "dreams that linger a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless . . . breaths, flames in the doorway, feathers in the wind." Yet if Klee thus adorns the surrealist movement with his brilliance, it is for the reason his exhibition revealed: his relationship to the German romanticism of the commencing nineteenth century and the spirit of Novalis, Arnim and Brentano. The fascination with the unconscious and irrational was strong in all these romantic representatives, indeed so dominant that Thomas Mann has seen cause to associate Freud with their movement; and surrealism of course with some show of reason bases itself on Freud. And Klee's relationship with these former German poets is plain not only in his ability to represent unconscious feelings with pictorial means, but in many characteristics of his work that resemble theirs and achieve their ideals. One sees it in the color and its ultra-romantic quality of "magic" which seems to call shadows from the realms of death, give fabulous things a real existence and echo Klee's defiant words: "I dwell as largely with the dead as with those about to be born." One sees it repeatedly in his paintings' equally romantic evocation, at times with the aspects of old parchments and quaint images, of distant mysterious climes and cultures: legendary Egypts under hot suns, moonlit medieval towns and unknown coasts and ports. And it is plain in the puckishness and fantasticality which animate his forms: for these poets were the spokesmen of the elfish and the capricious as of the mysterious, the supersensible and the occult. Still, under the swastika, where the romantics of a hundred years since rank as voices of the eternal Germany, Klee, the archiromantic German, their blood-brother, but one who happens to be contemporary, ranks as "degenerate"!

So once again we see the swindle perpetrated on the Germans by fascism and face its source in intellectual night and suicidalism. Only, in this connection, the stigmatization of the good and veritably German art, we face still another source and a most ironical one. This one is the misadventure of a certain young man in artistic circles in Germany just after the War. In Munich in those years, it appears that regular gatherings of serious artists took place at certain cafés. The young man occasionally sought to join them and showed some of the more celebrated painters, who may have been expressionists or neo-realists, drawings he had made. The painters were not interested by the young man's drawings, which resembled the productions of sidewalk artists. Nor were they interested by his ideas or personality. They let him understand as much and at last he ceased frequenting their reunions.

The name of the young man so definitely rejected and despised was Adolf Hitler. PAUL ROSENFELD

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Shoot the Works

Don and Sok

THE STORY of what must have been an extraordinary meeting is told all too briefly by George E. Sokolsky in his Monday column in The New York Herald Tribune.

"I went up to Danbury, Connecticut," he wrote, "to visit Isaac Don Levine with whom I have an affinity because he and I once believed in the Russian revolution and we both now know what a shabby trick has been played upon the Russian people. So we can always spend a delightful day together swearing at the Communists, which is a splendid indoor sport. It might even be tried outdoors."

I don't know why I was so startled to learn of Sokolsky and Levine that each has a friend. Possibly I was put off the track by the fact that Sokolsky has invented a heavily fictionized character called Sam whom he frequently introduces into his column. This somewhat preposterous person calls his creator Sok. Once I knew a lonely little boy who conjured up a playmate for himself. He called the wraith Judge Krink. Still it is logical enough that Isaac Don Levine and George E. Sokolsky should be pals, because both are playing the same side of the street. The former is Mr. Hearst's prize ex-radical and the latter serves a similar function for Ogden Reid. But the thing is too pat. It suggests a scene from "The Houseboat on the Styx," by John Kendrick Bangs, in which Lady Macbeth and Lucrezia Borgia are splitting a cup of dubious tea.

An observing reporter should have been present. And because of this need I have taken the trouble to invent one called Homer Zigler who writes to me, "When Sok and Don clasped hands the serpents of the field ceased to crawl upon their bellies and stood upright again as they did in the old days of Eden before the condemnation of the Lord and the lowly worms not only turned but went into dervish dancing, whirling around and around to indicate that they had shed their feeling of inferiority. But though the sky was azure before the handshake, the weather was far from fair when Don and Sok got together."

I go back a good deal further with Isaac Don Levine than with his buddy. In 1912, or thereabouts, we were twin timid souls employed by the old Tribune. Then as now Levine's role was that of the paper's pet radical. Garet Garrett, our chief, had dug up Isaac Don Levine, but unlike Lazarus he never laughed. Instead he wore the most tentative smile I have ever encountered. Sweet Alice Ben Bolt, as I remember, was wont to tremble at a frown, but Don would have been a good bet for place in that competition if editors were sitting in the judges' stand.

Since I was a newcomer and a Lippmann liberal, Levine took a more positive attitude in secret conversations with me. In fact when we were alone he lectured eloquently on the uselessness of any namby-pamby economic position. "I'm a revolutionist and a radical," he said, "and of course you understand that I am boring from within and biding my time."

That was about a quarter of a century ago and Isaac Don Levine has been faithful to his tactics. He continues to bide and to bore. But by now the trouble is that he has moved so deeply within that the chances are he never again will see the light of day. He has become so expert in the matter of biding that he has lost the power or even the inclination to bite. Particularly in the case of the hand which is feeding him.

I remember now that in the old days on the Trib he did take occasion to make a Biblical reference to a man who received permission to bow down in the House of Rimmon. Being neither a Biblical scholar nor the son of a prophet, I was not in a position to warn my friend that while it may be no sin to genuflect in order to hold the franchise, too great an addiction to the exercise may eventually rob the practitioner of the ability ever to stand upright again.

After serving a long stretch with Ogden Reid, Mr. Levine accepted the shilling of William Randolph Hearst. The publisher is a powerful personality and by now it is extremely difficult for anybody to distinguish between the ideas of the Lord of San Simeon and the younger man who once dreamed of doing his bit to end industrial inequality.

How much of sincerity there was in Sokolsky in his soapbox days, of which he speaks so humorously, I do not pretend to know. But though Levine's judgment may be questioned, I would testify that he was once a man touched with a flame and a passion. And so I do not think it is really funny when I read of the two sitting down and laughing heartily at the great dreams they dreamed before they became established.

Indeed my mythical reporter Homer Zigler (by courtesy of Clyde Brion Davis) has added a postscript to his report. And it reads:

"I listened attentively while Sok and Don were kidding each other about their early sentimentality in believing that anything could be done about the misery of other men, but suddenly all the barnyard fowls began to crow and above that din rose strains of music. It sounded like a sixty-piece silver cornet band."

Walter Winchell reports that when Mr. Sokolsky's contract with The Herald Tribune has expired it will not be renewed and that his place will be taken by Miss Isabel Paterson. Sometimes Mr. Winchell is wrong, but it is certainly true that ex-radicals work under the law of diminishing returns. There are fair rewards for them when first they cross over. At the moment a ready market gapes for the tale of the one who would tell all of the days when he lived under the revolutionary delusion.

But under the stress of competition the requirements become more arduous. By now each lost sheep who comes back to the ninety and nine must do more than bleat. He is under the urge to sound like a ram. Such work is enervating. The ex-radical grows exer and exer and loses not only his job but all utility.

I hasten to add that Miss Isabel Paterson, who may or may not succeed good old Sok, has never been known as a radical. The only rumors I have heard are that she was once a book reviewer. The first piece of hers that has been called to my attention offers an estimate of what Miss Paterson thinks about something that General Johnson thinks President Roosevelt thought five years ago. Next will come an article about what somebody thinks about what Miss Paterson thinks, etc. After that the clowns go crazy.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Iowa Mumbles

THE DEFEAT last week of Mr. Otha D. Wearin, boy wonder of Nishnabatna Creek, by Mr. Guy M. Gillette, the Cherokee sage, was admittedly of political significance. Yet, in my opinion, it was grossly misinterpreted by my honorable and gallant colleagues of the press. Many of them used the smear word, purge, to describe the campaign of White House advisers against Mr. Gillette.

This is very far from the truth. The political policy that Mr. Roosevelt and his intimates are now following is not vindictive or tyrannical. It is a measure of sheer self-defense that no one in possession of his wits would forgo. As recorded in these Notes, the reactionaries of the Democratic Party have long been plotting, at Senator Gerry's cheerful dinner parties and elsewhere, to capture the Democratic organization. The would-be purgers have been the reactionaries. Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are trying to break up their plot by appealing to the Democratic Party members in the nation.

The present conspiracy against Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, however, is not confined to the small group of Democratic Senators who fought the Supreme Court reorganization bill. Two years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt was renominated amid six days of stage-managed applause at Philadelphia, at least a third of the delegates secretly wanted to vote against him—or more accurately, against his policies. There was a largely unnoticed, but intensely bitter, fight over the platform. An evident majority of the Southerners were opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. The writer can testify that plans were discussed while the convention was still meeting to fight Mr. Roosevelt in the 1938 primaries.

If anything, Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers have been dangerously indulgent towards their party enemies. The present campaign to defeat Democratic Bourbons was adopted almost by accident. The little-known fact is that it began with a benevolent effort to bring about the renomination of Dear Alben Barkley. Barkley's opponent in the forthcoming Kentucky primary, Governor "Happy" Chandler, is a young, exuberant, tough-fibered demagogue, and one of the best campaigners of the country. Dear Alben retreated in a blue funk, and was unable to take an interest in his duties as New Deal leader of the Senate. The White House intimates accordingly resolved themselves into a pack of St. Bernards to go to his succor. It was felt, too, that Mr. Roosevelt's prestige was to some degree involved in Mr. Barkley's success.

The Dear Alben relief expedition became transformed into a loosely knit political committee. The Florida primary arrived. Here Mr. Pepper, one of the most faithful of the younger group in the Senate, was confronted by an anti-New Dealer, Representative Wilcox. It was natural for the White House advisers, speaking through Mr. James Roosevelt, to throw their support to Mr. Pepper. The venture brought uproarious newspaper applause, although whether it had any real influence in bringing about the enactment by the House of the wages-and-hours bill may be doubted. An examination of the petition that sent the wages-and-hours measure to the House floor will not reveal a single name that can be attributed to the Pepper victory.

Now for Mr. Hopkins' supposedly monstrous deeds. As the more honest newspaper observers have already conceded, there is not the faintest evidence that Mr. Hopkins' endorsement of Mr. Wearin influenced a single Iowa vote. In Sioux City, with 4,000 WPA workers, Mr. Wearin received about 300 votes. However, this does not exhaust the question. Judged by what the insiders of the WPA themselves say, in a substantial minority of states the WPA is heavily involved in politics, but the apparent truth is that Mr. Hopkins has lost control of his local relief administrations. The story goes back to 1935, when the WPA was created. Before the bill was passed, a number of Senators tried to obtain assurances from Mr. Hopkins that they would be able to dictate WPA patronage within their states. Mr. Hopkins, with tart, sardonic humor, refused. As a result, the Senate patronage hunters ganged together, and amended the WPA bill to provide that all higher appointive positions must receive senatorial approval. An irreparable injury was done to the relief organization.

In the last few days, reactionary newspapers have published many editorials complaining about Mr. Hopkins' dangerous power to force the WPA workers to vote for the New Deal. This is merely funny. No one needs to compel reliefers to vote for the New Deal. Dr. Gallup's poll has consistently shown a 70-percent majority for Mr. Roosevelt among reliefers. In last week's election in Iowa, however, the state WPA administrator, Mr. Keller, was Senator Herring's man, and obeyed Mr. Herring's orders to swing the reliefers to Mr. Gillette. Mr. Hopkins, far off in Washington, had no influence whatever. In the recent municipal elections in Kansas City, organizers for the CIO reported that the Kansas City WPA organization showed suspicious friendliness for the anti-labor Pendergast machine. In the recent Pennsylvania primary, on the other hand, the WPA took instructions from Senator Guffey, and voted for the CIO candidate, Mr. Kennedy. In Kentucky, the WPA administration is the property of Mr. Barkley, and is supporting him strenuously against Mr. Chandler. Mr. Hopkins now has about $2,000,000,000 in federal money, but it is not at all clear that he can bring votes to administration candidates that they would not have had anyhow.

Finally, we have the question of whether the White House's intervention in the Iowa primary was a mistake of tactics. If Mr. Roosevelt is going to win back the leadership of his party, he must fight each primary that comes along. He cannot pick and choose. If he were to withhold his hand, he would be accused of being afraid and the moral effect of the present campaign would be lost. He had to fight in Iowa, even though the fight was patently a dangerous one. This, however, is not to say that the elimination committee did a skillful piece of work. It didn't. The worst blunder was in not acting much earlier than it did. Secretary Wallace, in particular, should have had an opportunity to extricate himself from his obligations to the Gillette faction. The writer has the best reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt himself in vain urged Mr. Wallace to

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endorse Mr. Wearin. Mr. Wallace's refusal virtually wrecked the White House's strategy.

A survey of government departments reveals that while experts still hope for recovery in the autumn, they are much less confident than they were a few weeks ago. Most of them still believe that a revival, when it comes, must come from housing, utility construction and railroad equipment. March showed a small increase in private home-building, presumably due to the efforts of the FHA, but it is not yet certain that this gain will continue. A queasy peace has been created between the government and the utility interests, but experts think that it will be some time before the utilities can begin an expansion program. Deep despondency exists about the railroads. The scheme of a few months back, under which equipment would be purchased by the government and leased to the railroads, has been abandoned. Among administration conservatives and left-wingers alike, there is general agreement that government ownership is the only eventual solution. But few observers believe that such a step is possible before the November elections. Experts think that the $3,723,000,000 recovery appropriation is too small to achieve its purpose, and there is the further fear that the United States Housing Authority, a relatively new, unseasoned agency, will have difficulty in pushing building construction. Most experts decline to predict that we have now reached the bottom of the depression. "But you never recognize bottom until you're off it," a fiscal authority says. This represents the summit of optimism here.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Exchange's New Guard Takes Over

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED in Wall Street that must be recorded. An armistice has been declared between the SEC and the New York Stock Exchange. W. O. Douglas, after spending several hours in conference with William McC. Martin Jr., the new head of the Exchange, announced that there would be no more cracking down on the Exchange. What did this mean? Did it mean that the SEC had quit the fight? Or did it mean that the Exchange had quit? Or did it mean that both had made compromises?

As nearly as I can make out, Commissioner Douglas has behaved with admirable good sense and has won a very large-sized victory.

First of all, it is generally known that for years the Exchange has been in the hands of a hopelessly reactionary and anti-social group of men. It has been dominated by the floor gamblers, including the specialists, with a sort of overlordship of the House of Morgan as a kind of great feudal earl. It was these gentlemen who made all the trouble for the Exchange. They made their profits by gambling operations against the great sucker public. Therefore the rules of the Exchange, the ethics of the market—all were the product of the interests of these men. They resolutely resisted change of all sorts.

But since 1929, and particularly since 1933, their business has been growing steadily less. House after house has had to go out of business or take refuge in mergers. Over 275 seats have changed hands in the last five years. In the last year the situation has been getting worse. Today great numbers of houses are having hard sledding. The market grows continuously poorer. And if things keep up as they are the disasters will be severe. The Exchange is now at the point where its chief enemy is not the SEC at all, but the market itself, which is leaving it.

The old crowd hated the SEC. It hated Roosevelt. This hatred was so deep that it had ceased to reason. It was ready, apparently, to surrender the Exchange to ruin rather than retreat from its hate. But as the times got worse and as new forces began to eat into the market place a large number of men who had been willing to give the old crowd their way in the past began to feel that something ought to be done to save their business.

On the Exchange for many years—certainly as long as I have known it—there has always been a group of men who did not approve of the Exchange's bad social policies. More than one effort was made to reform these policies and occasionally some small success was achieved. But on the whole they were powerless. However, in recent years this group had grown stronger. The times had played into their hands. Also there were a number of newcomers—younger men—who could not subscribe to the bad philosophy of the old-guarders. It is entirely probable that these reform elements in the Exchange would have won out much sooner if the SEC had had a stronger policy. Joseph Kennedy and Jim Landis, who were so much praised in Wall Street, were praised because they followed a weak policy. The old-timers were probably right in playing a waiting game with these two boys. They were wrong in supposing they would remain in office forever. When W. O. Douglas came in, the Exchange began to discover that the day of temporizing with them was over. Douglas made it clear he was in earnest. He would probably have liked to put through a drastic program. But he had an irreducible minimum of policy and on that he stood. When Douglas' stand was known, the grip of the old guard on the Exchange began to weaken. If Richard Whitney had never stolen a dollar, the old guard would probably have fallen anyway. Whitney's disgrace merely made the battle shorter and more decisive.

The thing that really mattered was that the Exchange was losing business to the over-the-counter market. Business on the Exchange is so thin that a fairly large order to sell quickly exhausts the effective demand. Therefore men with 3,500, 5,000 or larger blocks of stock to sell have been taking them into the over-the-counter market. If this keeps up the Exchange will find itself in real trouble.

How can the Exchange save itself? Only by forcing that business back. And that can be done only by requiring all stock transactions to be cleared on organized exchanges.

The SEC has had an honest bias in favor of this practice for some time. Whether it is sound or not may be open to question. But certainly many commissioners have held that security trading could be regulated more effectively in an open, organized market than in the dark passages of the over-the-counter market.

The Exchange, therefore, had a great deal to gain by re-

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versing its policy of fighting the SEC and by making terms with it. If it could convince Douglas that it was on the level it could make a very substantial gain by getting back the business lost to the over-the-counter brokers. This, doubtless, was driving more and more members into the camp of those who wanted to coöperate with the government. At this point came the dramatic bankruptcy and arrest of Richard Whitney and the fight was over.

Douglas has won a victory. The better element of the Exchange is in power. Will the Exchange now carry out a program of reform? That remains to be seen. But it has elected a board of governors from which all the old-guarders are absent and it has named as chairman of the board a young man, William McC. Martin Jr., who is a thoroughgoing reformer, who is honest and who is the first president the Stock Exchange has had in my memory who knows what it is all about.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Men and Women

"VIVACIOUS LADY" is the case of an I. A. R. Wylie story worked up into one of the gayest and most charming comedies in the Capra tradition—which it seemed for a while we had forgot. It is about a young botany professor who came to New York to spring a drunken cousin from the night clubs, and married a girl instead, and then had the major problem of introducing the fact to his father, the university's president and supremely humorless tyrant. And you don't have to wonder about the true-to-life content of this during the screening, because the undeniable life keeps bubbling up like vichy and you can feel the audience going along with it, and the air in the theatre ripples gently with laughter.

If the writers (Ernest Pagano, P. J. Wolfson) not only did the dialogue but worked out the sequences as taken, they get credit for the most perfect screen play of this year, the most airtight in its own class, drollery in character and some good romance thrown in. The last train sequence is overdrawn and out of step with the rest; but the thousand retorts, sallies, formal declarations, half words and asides, the occasions for entrance, exit and general hubbub, above all the constant play of familiar human nature throughout it are what make the picture.

George Stevens directed for all it was worth, but it couldn't have been his doing altogether (look at the way he was thrown by the forged and phony writing in "Damsel in Distress") and certainly the cutting-room deserves some shares of the stock for the perfect film expression of comedy in motion. But everybody's good work, without the ability and perception of this cast of actors, would hang limp at the gaff. Even the bit-parts (the trainman, the waiter-captain, the middle-aged couple, the kids in school) are faultless. Franklin Pangborn is the usual scream; Grady Sutton likewise; James Ellison plays one of those difficult second-fiddle roles with a smooth talent that has him slated for first-chair. Phyllis Kennedy has about five sides and manages to be one of the remembered laughs of the show. Frances Mercer does well by one of the most thankless of jilted-fiancée parts; and as the parents Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn, especially Coburn, evade the awful temptation to do a "character" parent part (chew a few backdrops for your stomach's sake) and make the thing solid.

I've liked James Stewart's homely face since the first time I saw it: it wears well and gets better, and probably because he has in himself the true qualities of goodness he must describe. But you will save the end for Ginger Rogers, who has been in and of it all along. Ginger, originally the purely song-and-dance girl in the shadow of Astaire, sings only one number and dances no more than a couple of shakes in one of the comedy stretches. As her second acting part it demonstrates a swift secure advance in the school of a treacherous art. From being allowed only sulks or smiles (and the director took his pick), she has got herself a whole style of giving out, as in radiation, ranges of feeling and being she never had to learn because they can't be learned but just have to be there, like elements, and presently I feel I am going to get quite silly about Ginger Rogers. The girl is lovely in a certain pattern (with a waist like that, for instance, you could beautify the whole IRT subway) and wonderfully quick to learn a bit of dancing or actor's business; but where it comes from is inside her, a certain natural reserve of friendliness and bright warmth. Young and lovely and also the goods, in a word. Anyway, she and the other people are why you can't just say how good the writing really is: with people like this even a wisecrack seems to be part of the ups and downs of life.

The lack of this warmth and simple feeling is one of the reasons, just one of the reasons, why George Cukor's version of "Holiday" is so mechanical and shrill as comedy or anything else. There are probably more good things about it than I will ever report justly to you—fun and tears in the playroom, E. E. Horton playing straight for a change, some bright jibes, the good Cary Grant and Lew Ayres—simply because the more specious it appeared, the more I noticed and resented Katharine being Hepburn till it hurt, and the Stewart-Buchman writing job that encouraged her in this to points where that flat metallic voice is driven into your head like needles. I suppose actually it is a neat and sometimes elegant job, but under its surface of too much brightness and too many words it seems so deadly bored and weary. Hell, save your money and yawn at home.

About "Three Comrades" I feel a little diffident, for it is certainly a picture that wrings the heart rather than warms it, a story of three lads who had been in the War and found out of all the remaining Germany only this girl one of them married, to give living some point. One of them was a radical and got killed (the opposition thug is a rat in perfect drawing); and the girl was a lunger and died herself at the end. Robert Taylor is quiet and sincere as the young lover, Robert Young and Franchot Tone are good though a bit too sleek to be war-bitten. Somehow through the picture, none the less, there is that feeling of men sticking it out together, true blue.

Probably the most touching element is the character of Margaret Sullavan, the burning wraith of a girl, weighing her love against the days which are fewer and fewer. There is always something about Miss Sullavan, a slight but vibrant loveliness of face and spirit, that makes the thing

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happen in the play. And here the story gives her something above the world—a self-destructive beauty that reminds you of Greta Garbo's Camille.

The deepest tugs at emotions, however, come from the inevitable carryover of the waste-land country of the book, poverty rising all around, and the iron fist closing—though in spite of its abundance of dialogue much of the original doesn't get through. It is a queer picture to talk about: there is no doubt it is a good one, and strange; but the goodness is mostly in its eloquent statement of the fringes of a national tragedy, things so sobering and deep that I scarcely know whether it is your duty to go see it and be torn, or to keep clear and just see "Vivacious Lady" over again.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Chicago's twenty-three relief stations closed yesterday at 4:30 P.M. and will remain closed for the rest of May. Skeleton staffs will be on duty to dispense no relief except allowance of surplus commodities, milk for small children and emergency medical and burial services to the 34,000 families who will receive no relief checks in May. – *News item in The Chicago Tribune.*

Women in political organizations are interested in party principles, not personalities. We should not hesitate to accept into our organizations conservative Democrats, those we may not agree with, or women that we have not been friendly with in social circles. – *From a speech by Miss Marion Martin, assistant chairman of the National Republican Committee, quoted in The San Diego, Calif., Union.*

This man Hague of Jersey City must be a bigger man than the rest of us suspected. Now that all the Reds and the Pinks in the country have gathered to drive him out of office, Hague looks much more attractive to us Republicans than he did when he was carrying New Jersey for Roosevelt. – *Editorial in The Bennington, Vt., Banner.*

God's in His Heaven, etc.

"Grim-visaged War" is smoothing "his wrinkled front"; it has been demonstrated in Spain and in China that bombs from airplanes aren't so terrible—they go to "the pictures" in Madrid after more'n a year of it; business has quit pickin' at the bedclothes and a lot of people who've been "reliefers" are finding jobs. – *From a letter of the National Guardian Life Insurance Company, Madison, Wis., to a prospective policy-holder.*

Swaddled, You Mean

This is muffled propaganda for birth control. – *Comment on the motion picture "The Birth of a Baby," made by a police official of Lynn, Mass., and quoted in The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Cheerio!

As has been stressed in previous Commentaries, the Israel people—the seed of Abraham—has been destined from the beginning to become a Nation and Company of Nations through whom all the nations of this earth should be blessed. Thus the Israel people are clearly identified as the British Commonwealth of Nations today. – *From an advertisement of The National Message, published in The London Times.*

Be-Kind-to-Cameras Week

Commissioner Casey issued special orders to the [Jersey City] police to refrain from beating newspaper reporters and photographers, as happened last Saturday. – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Jersey City Testimonials

SIR: Pershing Field, semi-dark and doubly immense at night. . . . Little flags and veteran labels and poppies all over the lot. . . . I am informed that O'Connell has already been "ushered" out by the Hague mobsters. . . . Saved from injury by Hague's brave police. That's the way they avoided the free-speech issue tonight! . . . Everyone expectant, waiting to see if he'll try to return that evening. . . . The crowd, preponderantly pro-Hague, is partially in an ugly mood, partially holiday-spirited, sections of it almost unconscious of any issues or any meaning in the things happening. . . . The police advance across the field like a miniature army, clearing people away. . . . Around 9:30 there is a furor over at the corner of Central and Manhattan Avenues. A man and a girl are whisked away after some scuffling. . . . Everyone thought it was O'Connell again. . . . Two boys, about twelve, in front of me, one with a bean-shooter. "When he comes, I'm gonna let him have it in the eye. Yeeay, down with the Red!" one of them shouts hilariously. . . . Some girls, chewing gum and having a swell time what with the band and all. . . . "What, no peanuts? I'm disappointed," says one profound and social-minded girl to her boy friend. . . . The whole show is grossly obscene. . . . Police Chief Harry Walsh and half a dozen of his aids, red-faced and formidable-looking, confer in the middle of Central Avenue. . . . Cops by the hundreds around the region. Cops and plainclothesmen and vets (real or fake) and thugs and a band to drown out any attempts at speaking that might be made. . . . The crowd begins to thin. . . . The cops have gone, for the most part. . . . The situation is well in hand. . . . I saw no appreciable evidence of violence, having come too late. But it was there, brewing all around, snarling like a caged animal, sneering as only ignorant reaction can sneer. American fascism hovered over that field this evening. . . .

Grantwood, N. J. WILLIAM E. MONAGHAN

SIR: On May 7, 1938, I ventured forth into the forbidden territory, Jersey City. I have been going to a little place in the country, Berkeley Heights, for the past ten years. On the evening of the seventh, I came to Journal Square, intending to take a bus for Newark.

When I got to the Square I saw a great crowd and could not find the bus as the entire place was roped off. Then it grew late and I decided to go back to New York. After having

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dinner I proceeded toward the Hudson Tubes. I paid my fare and was on the upper platform and walking toward the lower platform to take the train.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, I was struck by about a dozen men who gave me the most merciless beating imaginable. Brass knuckles struck me in the nose, forehead, groin and all over the body. I was dazed and becoming unconscious. All I could hear was, "Get that Jew —— back to New York where he belongs." There were other unprintable remarks. I caught sight of a guard who stood by and two policemen. They did not move, according to an eye-witness who supplied me with their shield numbers. I ran and I have no idea how I reached the door of a train which was waiting on the lower platform. As I reached the train I received a final assault from the attackers, another terrific blow in the face. Through eyes barely open and bloody I saw a man take the brass knuckles off his hands as the train moved away. People in the train took care of me and called an ambulance when it reached Church Street, Manhattan.

I have a recollection of a speedy ride through deserted and gloomy streets and the siren blowing. I was horrified and sick, my face battered and bloody. . . . The pain was excruciating and I grew delirious. I woke up a day later in the middle of a ward. I did not dare look into a mirror. The chart at my cot said a fractured skull. . . .

For fully a week I did not move. I could not move and could eat nothing but liquids. I am out now, but the memory of it curdles the very blood in me. . . .

New York City MICHAEL DUNER

The Case of Dr. Conant

SIR: The careful and judicious report which President Conant's committee on the Walsh-Sweezy case has submitted on the terminating appointments possesses great value for the future development of general education policy. . . . In considering administrative policy and procedure, it finds that the policy was in this case ambiguously defined, and that the procedure was automatic and mechanical. In raising the question of the adequacy of the criteria employed in judging these two men for reappointment, it outlines a set of standards far more searching and intelligent than any that were used. As a result, it declares that the administration's decision of a year ago "involved injustice as well as unwisdom," and asks that this injustice be remedied "as far as it is possible to do so" by offering reappointment to both men.

In reply the president states that the members of the Corporation "believe that the report overemphasizes the extent to which misunderstanding" between the Administration and the Department of Economics may have affected the case, but this belief is unsupported by concrete evidence, and is merely asserted in the face of the several closely reasoned pages wherein the committee establishes the nature and degree of that misunderstanding as having been "largely due to imperfect liaison between the president and the Department." . . .

It is not at all clear on what grounds the president declares that to follow the recommendation of the committee "would be both unwise and impractical." At the time he appointed the committee last May he said that "since the appointments of Dr. Walsh and Dr. Sweezy run for two years, there is ample time for me to reopen their cases if the committee's report warrants it." It is hard to see how the report could have warranted it more cogently.

Therefore, speaking for ourselves and for a large number of the original signers of our Memorandum, we wish to reaffirm our entire confidence in the committee, and to let it know that its patient and exact analysis of the teaching and scholarship of these two men should help to provide far more equable and resilient standards for other promotions than have prevailed in the past. On the other hand, our misgivings about the Administration that rose from this case have not been dispelled. In contrast to the committee's year of deliberate scrutiny, we do not see how it was possible for the president to issue his final statement within a week after receiving its report and still declare that all its issues had been "carefully canvassed." Even our brief presentation here should indicate how many aspects of the situation the Administration has still failed to reckon with, and how far short it has fallen of any conception of democratic justice or wise educational policy.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN,
Associate Professor of History and Literature
DAVID W. PRALL,
Cambridge, Mass. Associate Professor of Philosophy

Mumford, Cowley and Culture

SIR: The New Republic complains about the insensitivities and vulgarities rampant in the world and yet does not have sufficient respect for serious pleading against those very vulgarizing forces, to defend it whole-heartedly. And this even when it is brought forward by one of The New Republic's own editors.

Mr. Cowley in dealing with a serious piece of work of the caliber of Lewis Mumford's "Culture of Cities," said in his review [April 20]: "One suspects that the people living in his [Mumford's] biotechnic cities would be terribly nice people—generous, bookish, even-tempered, given to simple pleasures like having babies and playing Bach. They would never get drunk and rowdy, never go to Coney Island (ah, for its tawdry glitter!) and never dance to Benny Goodman's orchestra till the sweat ran down their faces and the shirts stuck to their backs. I'd like them better with a few more vices and a neurosis or two."

It is perfectly possible to discount the entire remainder of Mr. Cowley's statement, in praise of the work, when there is such backsliding. And it is dangerous for those who would lead to backslide. Mr. Cowley derides a dozen of Mr. Mumford's words, for example, "nexus, locus, depauperated" and others with Greek and Latin roots as being "too fancy," without giving their surrounding context, and creates an unfair picture of the way the words strike the reader when spread out over many pages. Is one to accept without a murmur Mr. Cowley's "Coney Island (ah, for its tawdry glitter!) and never dance to Benny Goodman's orchestra till the sweat ran down their faces and the shirts stuck to their backs," as preferable? . . .

New York City DOROTHY NORMAN

[The "tawdry glitter" of Coney Island is Mr. Mumford's phrase and not mine. And it is an excellent example of one point at which we differ. I have had some very good times in Coney Island—Is this a damaging confession?—and my own private utopia would have some room for crowds and roller coasters and even Neon lights. I also think that any picture of a better world has to stand the test of being expressed in straightforward English prose, as honest and unornamented as the modern architecture that Mumford admires. He wrote a very valuable book which is going to be read for a long time. For this reason I think it important to point out its two principal defects as well as its virtues.—M. C.]

And What Is Modern Poetry?

SIR: The maudlin raving of Mr. Dudgeon and a few others about the perils of modern poetry is preposterous. Either these care little for poetry, as one of them has confessed, or so con-

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fuse contemporary emotional expression with maladjustment and pulmonary sighing that modern poetry to them is synonymous with psychiatry, unbalance, therapeutic treatment, etc. Perhaps it's due to their view of poetry as a sort of divine caviar, a nourishing dish for the soul in its suspended moments of sweet joy and aching sorrow. We've gone a long way from Markham and Coblentz. Why all this ostentatious sighing for Homer and Virgil? And can the critical works of Richards, Burke, Eliot and Wilson be pocketed for minor notices?

Modern poetry is not a cinch, but it isn't the drollery, the linguistic hodge-podge, the polyglotonous utterance of tongues dissevered from the nervous system. Its difficulty has a deeper meaning than its structural complexity. One must know more about it than what of it is published sporadically in magazines; then perhaps the clucking criticism and the rage and the ludicrous attempt to treat modern poets as maladjusted adolescents and neurotics with a gift of legerdemain, by those who seek in poetry smooth lines and inviolate grammar, would be spared.

And since when have the pages of the New Republic become too sacred for "certain" verse?

And what is modern poetry?

Philadelphia, Pa. MAURICE BERGER

Philologically Fastidious

SIR: I notice with considerable amusement your aspersions on the use of the word "contact" as a verb [The New Republic, June 1]. You call it "dreadful." Is this naïveté on your part, or mere bad-tempered prejudice? As Westbrook Pegler has pointed out, you seem quite complacent toward the use of "implement" as a verb, a locution of no greater logical justification. Why this differential philological fastidiousness on your part?

I think I know the reason: "To contact" is used by sales managers, executive vice-presidents in charge of production and similar creatures; "to implement" is used by social "scientists," progressive educators and the like. You approve of these "thinkers," so their linguistic deformations are all right with you; you don't like business men, so their slang is "dreadful."

As an allegedly liberal journal, hadn't you better refrain from calling an expression bad names merely because it is in the jargon of a game which you do not happen to enjoy playing?

Cleveland, O. ARTHUR LOESSER

[The verb "to implement" is perfectly good English and has been since the days of Walter Scott; Mr. Loesser might consult Webster's or the Concise Oxford Dictionary.—THE EDITORS.]

Fighting Nazism

SIR: May I present Mr. Bliven with a large bouquet for his "Der Junge Otto" [The New Republic, May 11]. . . . Not only as a Legionnaire but as an American I am doing everything I can with my typewriter and on the platform to warn people of the Middle West against the menace of Nazism. My efforts are meeting encouraging response from the American Legion and many other groups. It has been my privilege lately to deliver a number of commencement addresses and to speak before many audiences other than veterans, and invariably my attacks on Nazism have drawn earnest and enthusiastic applause.

I do not for a moment approve of Legionnaires going into Nazi meetings and starting trouble, but I do feel it is our duty to combat Nazism with education wherever possible. Nazism is just as repugnant to me as communism, and right now I think it is much more dangerous in our country.

FRANK MILES, *Editor, Iowa Legionaire*

Des Moines, Ia.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Mrs. Dwight K. Bartlett of Providence, Rhode Island, congratulates The New Republic on Walton Hamilton's "Mr. Justice Black's First Year" (June 8). . . . C. E. Payne of Ruby, Washington, says Richard L. Neuberger was in error in his article, "Bonneville" (May 25), when he said: "Eighteen people's power districts have been formed in the state of Washington, and these are ready to distribute energy from Bonneville on a basis of public ownership." Mr. Payne reports that of the eighteen districts one is operating, another is ready to distribute power and five or six are beginning to get ready; that the rest are only marking time. Twenty-one counties have not set up utility districts and, if they do, it will take them at least two years to start functioning. By that time it will probably be too late for them to distribute Bonneville power, because it will all have been allotted by January 1, 1941.

Kenneth Rexroth of San Francisco comments on Jerome Campbell's letter (April 20) in which he suggested that Bruce Bliven write an open letter to God. Mr. Rexroth thinks it was a bad joke and one without discernible purpose. . . . Gil Green, chairman of the Young Communist League, P. O. Box 28, Station D, New York City, writes that a pamphlet is being prepared about Dave Doran, the YCL leader, who was killed in the recent Aragon retreat. He asks for any material readers may have about Doran's activities in the American labor movement.

Donald G. Kobler, secretary-treasurer of Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, announces that the ten-week summer lecture and discussion series on recent labor and social developments will begin June 4. He will be glad to furnish further details. . . . Dr. Rudolf Brandl sends us a description of the purpose and work of the German-American League for Culture, 1476 Broadway, New York City, of which he is the secretary. It is a counter organization against the Nazi German-American Bund, aiming to unify the liberal and progressive elements among Americans of German descent.

Tom Mooney writes from the state prison at San Quentin, California, to tell readers of The New Republic about the serious lack of funds that handicaps the committee working for his freedom. The hearings before the Subcommittee of the House and the preparations for the Supreme Court case have been a tremendous expense. Contributions should be sent to the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco.

What's on the Air?

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus in the first concert of the International Society for Contemporary Music, Friday, June 17, 3:15 P.M., CBS; "Reunion," a story of the influence college has on men's lives, Saturday, June 18, 7:30 P.M., CBS; Bernardino Molinari conducts the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, June 18, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network; chamber music by the Stradivarius Quartet, Sunday, June 19, 12:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Alfred Wallenstein conducts the Symphony Orchestra with Margaret Speaks, Monday, June 20, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in "Manslaughter," Monday, June 20, 9 P.M., CBS; Mozart's "Don Giovanni" from London, Wednesday, June 22, 2 P.M., Mutual and CBS; Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pop Orchestra, Wednesday, June 22, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Reginald Stewart conducts the Toronto Promenade Symphony, Thursday, June 23, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Paul Green's "In Abraham's Bosom," one of the series of Pulitzer Prize plays, Thursday, June 23, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Stepchildren of Fortune

THESE TWO BOOKS[1] admirably complement each other. The first, by the Director of the Section on Labor Relations of the WPA, gives a competent broad-gauge view of the relief problem as a whole; the second, by a capable, warm-hearted woman who was for some three years the Emergency Relief Administrator of the County of Manistee in Michigan, offers an intimate close-up of what Relief did to save one backwoods community from going to pieces in 1933. Each book is in its own way a record of decent humanity and integrity; each does much to prove that Harry Hopkins, far from being a monster who purchases votes with relief money, is an incorruptible public servant who should be entitled to his opinion of what constitutes good senatorial material. As Mr. Anderson says, the administration of the WPA is too open to be manipulated by politicians for political ends. And as Mrs. Armstrong demonstrates, the social workers in the Relief Administration have a civil-service conscience about their calling: they are not the hail-fellow sort that will do anything short of mayhem "just for a friend."

Yet in spite of the weight of the evidence in books like Mr. Anderson's and Mrs. Armstrong's, the old charges of "politics" in Relief persist. A month ago it was in Florida and Pennsylvania that WPA employees were allegedly being "coerced" into voting for Pepper or the Guffey slate; now it is the Barkley faction in Kentucky that is being accused of highway robbery. No doubt the more intemperately politicalized WPA officials do throw their weight around in certain cases where they shouldn't, but just why it is necessary to "coerce" WPA workers into voting for men who have saved them from the hazards of private charity eludes me; it is one of those coals-to-Newcastle propositions that seem patently overblown on the face of it. As a matter of fact, every responsible sample test—whether taken by private fact-finding agencies or by Corrington Gill, Howard Myers and the rest of the able WPA statisticians in Washington—has resulted in a relatively clean bill of health for the administrators of federal relief. "Politics" undoubtedly intrudes down the line in certain instances in the counties, but no one has proved to date that it is of sinister proportions. The evidence is, by the pragmatic test, the other way: Guffey's slate lost in Pennsylvania; Harry Hopkins' support did Otha Wearin no good in the recent Iowa primary.

Mr. Anderson argues that pre-Rooseveltian methods of handling poor relief were unjust and mired in corruption. And when the gay but purposeful Mrs. Armstrong got her job in Manistee (I assume from the map that it was Manistee, although Mrs. Armstrong never does name her county) she discovered this to be true. Mrs. Armstrong's first great battle was to convince the county relief commissioners that food orders were not going to be filled at favored grocery stores, with a rake-off going to some politician. Quite frequently she had to call in the State Director of Relief to uphold her hand and forestall political racketeering in human misery. Her case load was polyglot: Poles, Finns, Ottawa Indians, Scandinavians and old-line Americans, people of all the races, were living precariously on the sandy farms in the cut-over timber lands of Manistee. Presumably the suffering in this northland county was pretty evenly distributed among all the races, but under the old system of Poor Relief the Ottawa Indians got practically nothing, while the gravy—or thin gruel—of relief went to the whites. Mrs. Armstrong stopped the discrimination, and at once the professional racists were on her neck.

The county seat in Manistee is a backward place; "a dying lumber town struggling futilely to become an industrial city," it has a set of social leaders, the "Hill" folks, who have all the frightened, often vicious, prejudices that are common to those who are fighting a losing fight to hang on to what their ancestors have left them. Mrs. Armstrong listened to the Hill people talk at the dinner table: "The reliefers are bums; they wouldn't work if you gave them a job. . . ." Or: "Men on relief ought to be sterilized. . . ." Or: "They shouldn't be allowed to vote." Or (with a giggle): "I hear Hopkins is passing out rubber shovels to reliefers." And so forth. Mrs. Armstrong didn't quite know how to characterize these callous Hill people until a Negro woman on relief hit upon the apt description: "Dem white folks's jest grouchy-hearted."

Just to keep the record straight, Mrs. Armstrong notes that some of the reliefers were grouchy-hearted, too. And some were the depraved jetsam of the rural backwater. Some had the gimmes (Mrs. Armstrong accuses the Poles of setting the pace here), and some were plain lazy. But in general the reliefers were deserving, quite willing to work, and thoroughly conscientious. They were, in fact, a good deal like the people who still had jobs in private industry, except for an older average age.

Mr. Anderson's book lacks the concentrated, almost lush human appeal of "We Too Are the People." But it recites some salutary home truths. To those who object to government spending for relief, Mr. Anderson points out that the existence of a large group of starving unproductive people results in a contracted market and a lower standard of living for everybody. (This was certainly true of Manistee County, where the banks and the storekeepers and the barbers picked up immediately once federal relief was started.) As Mr. Anderson says, in one sense our national debt makes the poor among us rich: government bonds are generally held by those who can afford to tie up capital, while the money received from the sale of the bonds flows into industry to help those who haven't any capital to tie up. Mr. Anderson's whole attitude toward finance is refreshing; he is a goods-mover rather than a column-totter. It may be true, as Harry Scherman was telling New York Herald Tribune readers only yesterday,

[1] The Right to Work, by Nels Anderson. New York: Modern Age Books. 152 pages. 50 cents.
We Too Are the People, by Louise V. Armstrong. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 474 pages. $3.

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that the per-capita cost of government in the United States is higher than in other countries. But the per-capita annual income is also higher. It is the relation between the two figures, not the first figure, that is important. And the relation is such that America can afford a higher per-capita cost of government than other countries. Which is why we should continue to have work relief where poorer countries remain wedded to the idea of the soul-destroying dole.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Thoughts Out of Season

Principles of Mathematics, by Bertrand Russell. Second Edition. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 573 pages. $5.

"PRINCIPLES OF MATHEMATICS" (first published in 1903) is by far Russell's most brilliant work, informative, provocative, suggestive and illuminating. Long out of print, it is nevertheless still an important book, well worth prolonged and careful study. Neither before nor since has there been a bolder or more persistent attempt to identify mathematics and logic, to struggle honestly with their basic difficulties, principles and results, and to apply their conclusions to the resolution of such traditional philosophic problems as the one and the many, internal and external relations, infinitude and continuity, space and time, change and motion. Little of its material is original, but the whole is so rational, persuasive and clear as to make it a perpetual inspiration for those who believe in the glories of analysis and the reality of ideas, eternal and undefiled. Though now definitively outmoded and acknowledged by Russell to have at present only a historical interest, it is at once the source and stimulus of much of the work that has now made many of its principles and results a thing of the past. It is the apotheosis of pure formal reason, of sheer intellect, clear and precise, indifferent to the testimony of experience and science, psychology and metaphysics, an arsenal of argument and illustration for those Platonists who believe in the real objective being of everything conceivable.

In the endeavor to reveal how the whole of mathematics, from zero to the transfinite, can be precisely and adequately expressed and understood in terms of a limited number of concepts having their source in logic, Russell analyzes and defines a multiplicity of such frequently used and rarely examined notions as the variable, class, function, number, distance and order. The book, as a consequence, abounds in subtle distinctions, some suggested by mathematicians, others prompted by the needs of a rigorous symbolism. Russell, for example, distinguishes the notions "man," "a man," "every man," "all men" with great acuteness, and gives good reasons for denying the identity of the numbers 1, +1, 1 × 1, 1/1 and 1:1. He sharply defines and differentiates aggregates and unities, cardinal and ordinal numbers, the infinite and the finite, quantity and magnitude, and shows the need for distinguishing the proposition, "Socrates is human" from "Socrates has humanity," "Socrates is-a man" and "Socrates is a-man."

Part of Russell's power lies in his genius for epitomizing his more important conclusions in striking paradoxes. Most paradoxes, of course, are merely unhappy but picturesque ways of enunciating the obvious, or are focal points of serious confusions, but others are inevitable consequences of the fact that there are important truths beyond the reach of common sense. Apparently incredible or unknown to others, yet almost platitudinous to professional mathematicians and logicians, is the fact that there are logical arguments not reducible to the syllogism, that Euclid is riddled with errors, that there can be no greatest ordinal number, that the calculus does not presuppose the existence of infinitesimals, that mathematics does not deal exclusively with quantity, that its foundations are not entirely free of vicious contradictions, and that an infinite whole is in a sense equal to a part of itself.

Russell supplements these with others which are true only after one has made allowance for a strange and strained use of terms—for example, that "and" is not a relation, that similarity is a quantity, that it is impossible to divide a magnitude into two equal parts, that real numbers are not numbers at all, and that an arrow is at rest at every moment of its flight. These are indiscriminately mixed with others which are based on confusions as, for example, that nothing existent is a unity, that chimeras have being, that space and motion are classes, that colors possess impenetrability, that at least one of any two propositions implies the other, and the basic thesis, that mathematics is symbolic logic.

Russell now rejects some of these, particularly those which follow from the belief in the reality of the products of analysis. To others he still clings, particularly the last, though he is there almost alone, since his theory is completely sterile, unable to account for or anticipate any mathematical discovery. Unconcerned with the process of mathematical thought or the actual hang of things, primarily a logician, highly sensitive to new needs and discoveries in analysis and formalism, he naturally contributes practically nothing to the content of mathematics or to an understanding of the world. It is, however, primarily because of his work that mathematicians and logicians have discovered how much they have in common and a whole colony of philosophers has spent its energies in designing symbols and making distinctions where none had been made before.

The introduction to the long awaited new impression is much too brief. It indicates, however, how it is possible now to state Russell's thesis as the doctrine that all of logic and mathematics can be derived from a single proposition built up out of only two concepts, "not this or not that" and "all." It also suggests some of the reasons why Russell reluctantly abandoned his original platonism and why he now holds that numbers are mere symbolic conveniences and that spatial points and temporal instants are logical constructions. From the position that analytic products are most real, Russell has swung almost full circle to the belief that whatever is the result of analysis is a pseudo-object in whose reality we have no reason to believe. This is not the first time that platonism, pushed to its extreme, gave rise to a nominalistic tendency to deny the being of anything not directly experienced. Both are marks of a failure to acknowledge that reason is at once a veridical and a limited source of knowledge.

It is the conspicuous virtue of the "Principles" that it makes manifest the powers and products of pure reason,

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unchecked and unafraid. But an intellect left to itself garners truths and falsehoods indifferently, since it is unable to distinguish between the real and the fictitious. We need experience to help us see that some of our thoughts, clear and consistent though they may be, are nothing but lucid fancies. What is now needed is not only a complete revision of the book in the light of subsequent discoveries, but a correction of its bias and tendency to folly by one who, in contrast with Russell, knows that though logic and mathematics transcend the real, their principles are rooted in the being of what we daily know. Every philosophic treatment must presuppose some insight into the nature of things. It is our and Russell's misfortune that neither in the "Principles" nor elsewhere does he ever seem to be troubled by this elementary requirement.

PAUL WEISS

Happy, Happy Days

The Honeysuckle and the Bee: Reminiscences, by Sir John Squire. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 282 pages. $3.
Three Ways Home: An Experiment in Autobiography, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. 264 pages. $2.50.

"THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE" is one of those slow-motion volumes of reminiscences of the day before yesterday. It is the record of a walking tour from London to Devon; Sir John takes eleven days to get there, musing as he ambles on all the expected topics: the charm of old inns, the pity of early-closing of the pubs (which, however, on another occasion not among these reminiscences, did not prevent Sir John from being fined ten shillings for having one too many on Coronation Night), the horror of the modern arterial highway, the joys of cricket. Literature figures through it all . . . but mildly. George Saintsbury is remembered for having looked like a polar bear in old age, Hardy because he once recommended a stone engraver to the author, and Rupert Brooke is seen briefly, walking down a Cambridge street looking like a young Apollo. As for the modern writers, they are all lumped together "with their peevish hatred of love, laughter and jugs of wine."

To Sir John literature (any art, in fact) is above all something pleasant; a delight to be enjoyed like a good glass of vintage claret. It is reading Spenser on a summer's day with a view of a mustard field in the distance, a daydream divorced from the unpleasantness of everyday life. Thus he is incredulous that audiences actually swallow Chekhov's "Sea Gull." At a concert in London where Debussy was conducting his own works, Sir John was genuinely mystified when, a member of the orchestra having struck a wrong note, the composer threw down his baton and flew into a rage. "Ah, my unhappy genius, how dreadful it must be to take things so seriously," was the author's reaction.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Three Ways Home" is less an experiment in autobiography than a thoughtful analysis of her craft as a fiction writer and of her conversion to Catholicism. A preoccupied little girl with a protruding forehead, she decided on three ambitions in her teens: to become a writer, to live in her native Sussex, to be extremely High Church. And the most piquant thing about her life is that she achieved all three, and with relative ease.

Her writing began in a curious way. Between eleven and fifteen she spoke out loud, or "composed," some forty or fifty novels. Switching to pencil and paper at fifteen, she was published before twenty-two; and became, a few novels further on, a best-seller. The story of her conversion to Catholicism from Protestantism by slow stages is mainly a discussion of the ritualistic differences between Anglo and Roman Catholicism; hence throws no new or interesting light on either herself or on religion. With her husband, a vicar converted at the same time, she retired to the farm in Sussex on which she had long had her eye . . . thus achieving the "third way home." She herself provides a clue to why this book is not more exciting when she says that the history of the happy convert is like that of the happily married couple, not half so interesting as it would be if it were not half so happy. Not that the successful autobiography cannot be written by a happy person, but it seems to me that this happy person must be able to penetrate beyond the circle of his own satisfaction.

NORMA MCCARTY

Ace of Diamonds

Barney Barnato, by Richard Lewinsohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 286 pages. $3.

THE STRUGGLE FOR DOMINANCE in the diamond and gold fields of South Africa is one of the most colorful and revealing tales of the Victorian era. It is among the completely documented histories of imperialist land-grabbing, with a setting as vivid and strange as that of the gold rush in America. And to the African scene was added an amazing assortment of mercenary adventurers: bums, university playboys, city-bred street arabs without the vaguest notion of African space and aridity, bored younger sons without patrimony, professional crooks and their cousins, the financial wizards—all drawn from practically every major country in the world to form the human base of the world's richest gold and diamond industry.

It is these types rather than their economic and political background that take first place in Lewinsohn's book, headed by the most wealthy screwball of them all, Barney Barnato, the financier with a passion for the stage, who, in ten years, rose from being a vaudeville clown in the London ghetto to a position second only to Cecil Rhodes in South Africa. It is the old success story over again, but with hallucinations and suicide as its climax, told lightly and without pretension to historical value—the sort of book which serves more to awaken interest than to satisfy it. It is the portrait of an eccentric who pushed his life along a rich and crazy road, amassing money and orating in the Cape Parliament with the same fervor as he built theatres and amazed the miners by playing the lead in Shakespearian tragedies. But inevitably, around this incongruous central figure, an exciting background of African affairs sketches itself in—the rise of Rhodes, the Jameson Raid, Paul Kruger and his Boers, the life of the new cities, Kimberley and Johannesburg, all described in a light and enjoyable prose.

RICHARD VAUGHAN

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Caesar Is Ambitious

Mussolini in the Making, by Gaudens Megaro. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 347 pages. $3.50.

THREE YEARS AGO there began to appear the so-called "definitive" edition of Mussolini's works in nine volumes. This edition is marked by wholesale omissions and tampering with the texts, and it contains not a single word uttered by Il Duce before November, 1914, the date when he abandoned the Socialist ranks and founded his paper Il Popolo d'Italia. The present volume by Dr. Megaro fills that great lacuna. It covers the years of Mussolini's apprenticeship—the youth nurtured in the revolutionary traditions of the Romagna, classic land of violence and political passions—and the years of his activity as a Socialist agitator, up to the outbreak of the World War.

Dr. Megaro's book makes a point of probing into this Socialist background in an objective, analytical manner. To know Mussolini the Duce of Fascism, one must know Mussolini the Duce of Socialism. There emerges not only the most vigorous, direct and readable book thus far written on Mussolini's intellectual growth, but also the only scholarly and objective analysis that makes clear some of the seeds within his character. There are good sections in which Megaro exposes Il Duce's personal vanity and ambition, his revolutionary activism, his superficiality and lack of any solid grounding in Marxist and other theoretical culture, his anti-parliamentarianism and violence.

But these hints are insufficient to explain the sudden about-face that occurred in October-November, 1914. In the face of war, Mussolini had maintained the correct Socialist stand, and had threatened the Italian government with a general rising of the proletariat if Italy should abandon neutrality (Avanti!, July 26, 1914). Six weeks later he had rebelled against the "sentimental farce" staged by the "two midwives," France and Belgium, "to exploit the universal credulity" (Avanti!, September 4, 1914). As late as October, after Italy announced her neutrality, Mussolini had repeated his threats. Yet in one brief moment he reversed himself, abandoned all his previous positions—internationalism, atheism, anti-militarism, anti-monarchism—and founded his own newspaper, in which he advocated immediate intervention in the War on the Allied side.

This is a sudden change that Megaro does not explain clearly. In his effort to remain objective, he even goes to some length to absolve Mussolini of the usual imputation of venality. When politicians shift their positions so suddenly, it is usually because they have been bribed. As a matter of fact, Bissolati and others charged that Mussolini received certain sums from French agents, which he used to launch Il Popolo d'Italia. We would know more about this if only some of the Frenchmen involved in the business would speak out frankly.

But there is another clue in Mussolini's character which does not involve bribery, and which is discussed at some length in Dr. Megaro's book. For Mussolini, socialism or any other doctrine had to be a means to personal aggrandisement. As a Socialist he had become an influential politician, editor-in-chief of the official organ of the party. What further advancement could he expect as long as he remained in the Socialist fold? And besides, certain basic differences did exist at the time between Mussolini and the more moderate leaders of the party. Can we not therefore explain the sudden about-face as a vision of a new "fulcrum" that might help him to pry open the door to greater advancement? French money may have hastened the change, but merely because it helped him to achieve his own desires.

The author, in his scholarly aloofness, is interested only in sifting fact from fiction. He doesn't point his conclusions in any political direction. But since this absorbing book contains so many quotations from Mussolini's early Socialist articles and speeches, it becomes a valuable storehouse. Mussolini's own words are dynamite enough to explode the Mussolini legend.

MARCEL GRILLI

New Books: A Reader's List

CONSCRIPT EUROPE, by Randolph Leigh (Putnam, $3). A lively journalistic account of politics, religion, education, labor and imperialism in the Big Four nations of Western Europe, written to show that the difference between the dictatorships and democracies is that in the democracies people can say what they please, but only so long as they do what their masters please. Mr. Leigh concludes that the big European states have always fought for the power to exploit, and always will, and that none of them is worth our rescuing.

A REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATIVE: James Duane of New York, by Edward P. Alexander (Columbia University, $3). The first complete biography of James Duane (1733-97), eminent lawyer, land speculator, head of the New York delegation to the Continental Congress and mayor of New York City after the war was over. A scholarly but readable book, containing much new information on the cultural and political life of the period. Impressive bibliography.

AMERICAN YEARS, by Harold Sinclair (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). A "collective" novel, its real hero being the town of Everton, Illinois, from 1830 to the day when thousands of citizens thronged the square to hear about Fort Sumter. As a novel it seems unsuccessful (there are too many lightly sketched characters), but certain historic figures, notably Lincoln, are vivid and convincing.

FAITHFUL STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harpers, $2.50). Sturdy, unembroidered tales about simple folks in the Sussex countryside. A few stories have trick endings; a couple are melodramatic; but the best are the mildly ironic accounts of common happenings.

DARE WE LOOK AHEAD? by Bertrand Russell and others (Macmillan, $2). Originally given as the Fabian lectures for 1937, this series of essays by leading British thinkers and M.P.'s makes rather terrifying reading. Russell's address on "Science and Social Institutions" offers too little hope that men will ever be able to achieve democracy; and Harold Laski's "The Outlook for Civil Liberties," while soberly courageous, paints a sad picture of English Toryism. Other articles by Vernon Bartlett, G. D. H. Cole and Herbert Morrison.

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF, by Ogden Nash (Little, Brown, $2). Another book of verse by America's leading comic poet. Ranges from comments on the war in China to bewildered protest against feminine fashions.

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UNDER THE HOG, by Patrick Carleton (Dutton, $2.50). An exciting mystery novel that rewrites history to reverse the verdict of the people and Shakespeare against Richard III, last of the Plantagenet kings. Conflict between a corrupt, ambitious court and a man of stern conscience, who thought the end justified the means and found that the means became the end.

HORATIO SEYMOUR OF NEW YORK, by Stewart Mitchell (Harvard, $5). An elaborate account of the Democratic Party leader who was Governor of New York and an opponent of Lincoln during the Civil War, as well as candidate for President in 1868. A conservative, low-tariff, land-owning Democrat, Seymour in his career touches many sides of the Middle Period. Mr. Mitchell writes with more suavity than most academic biographers.

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT, by Roger N. Baldwin and Clarence B. Randall (Harvard University Press, $1.50). Four very lively essays—two by the director of the American Civil Liberties Union and two by the director of the Inland Steel Company. Frank, provocative, a labor must.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK, by Vladimir Nabokoff (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). This novel, first published in England three years ago as "Camera Obscura," was somewhat extravagantly hailed as a masterpiece, perhaps because the author was a Russian aristocrat. A technically clever psychological melodrama about a man who deserts his wife for a gold-digger.

THOUGH YOUNG, by Leighton Barret. (Random House, $2). The amiable story of two small boys whose normal activity combines the capriciousness of Puck with the up-to-date ingenuity of Penrod. Adult reading, good-humored and shrewd.

Contributors

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN, author of "The Negro Faces America," a study of race relations in the United States, and also of several volumes of criticism and poetry, is now working on a new book.

FRED RODELL is an associate professor of Law at Yale University. During a leave of absence he is working on the staff of Fortune.

BERTRAM M. GROSS has been publicity director of the WPA in Harrisburg, has written for the Federated Press, and is the author of "Labor in the Keystone State," which will be published in September.

MARY HEATON VORSE, journalist, short-story writer and novelist, has recently had published "Labor's New Millions," by Modern Age.

ROBERT STUART has done labor reporting for A. F. of L. and CIO newspapers from New York to San Francisco.

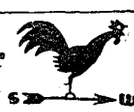
PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "Discoveries of a Music Critic" and many other books and articles on musical and esthetic subjects.

PAUL WEISS, associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, is at work on a book, "Reality," a systematic study of philosophy.

NORMA MCCARTY has been writing articles in England, where she has been living for the past four years.

RICHARD VAUGHAN is a young Englishman who has written and translated for a living both at home and in this country, where he is now living.

MARCEL GRILLI has contributed reviews to Science and Society, and is at present working on a study of contemporary Italy.



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